THE MISSOURI BISHOPS

By

IVAN LEE HOLT

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I send you this book with the best of wishes and the hope that it will bring you enjoyment, information and inspiration.

Frankie Hoer

Kansas City, Missouri
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by

Ivan Lee Holt

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1912005

"To my wife, Starr B. Holt, who has been an inspiration to me and to the Methodist Church of Missouri."

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Preface

There are many Methodist churches in Missouri which are now celebrating one hundred years of history. Some churches go back in their history to the early years of the last century. In the course of the years after the separation between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, both of these denominations pushed their organizations vigorously in the State of Missouri. At the time of Union in 1939 there were many towns in Missouri with both denominations and a few towns which in addition to the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had also organizations of the Methodist Protestant Church. Missouri is one of the few states in which actual mergers took place at the time of Union. In great areas of the north, the south, the east, and the west only one of these denominations had established itself, but in a state like Missouri it has been necessary to face all of the problems as well as the opportunities presented in Methodist Unification.

Many of our bishops have gone on with their work just as though there had never been a Uniting Conference. That Conference had no influence on the Church in their areas. There are some of us who have had to work at the task of unifying the Church and I am grateful that I had such a responsibility. As an aid in that task of unifying the Church and as an inspiration to our preachers and people, I am presenting in this volume short biographies of the Methodist bishops who were born in Missouri. Only one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church was born in the state and it was really an accident that gives Missouri the right to claim him. His family was en route to Kansas and he was born near Parkville, Missouri, just before the

family reached the Kansas line. That was Bishop William A. Quayle.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had four bishops born in Missouri and one of them, at the time of Union, became a Bishop of The Methodist Church. Bishop Charles Claude Selecman was elected bishop at the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Birmingham, Alabama. The Uniting Conference met the next year and he became a bishop in The Methodist Church. The other Missouri bishops served the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and in the order of their election they were Enoch Mather Marvin, Eugene Russell Hendrix and William Fletcher McMurry. Each of these men was a great leader but there were very striking differences between any two of them. Marvin was a great preacher whose eloquence stirred all who heard him. Hendrix was a scholar whose wide interest made him a leader in the World Church. McMurry was a business executive whose genius made him an effective servant of the Church he loved.

It is my hope that these biographies of Missouri's leaders may deepen the devotion of all of those ministers who today follow in their train. No state has produced men of higher stature and their joint accomplishments are not surpassed by the records of any similar number in the history of The Methodist Church.

I am indebted to a biography of Bishop Marvin by Dr. T. M. Finney, and to a biography of Bishop Quayle by Dr. Merton S. Rice. Both are now out of print. I want to acknowledge also my obligation to Mrs. A. G. Vieth, a former secretary of mine, for her typing of the manuscript and for her seeing this book through the press.

IVAN LEE HOLT

St. Louis, Missouri
Christmas 1952

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Bishop William A. Quayle

Chapter I

IN an appreciative biography of William A. Quayle, Dr. Merton S. Rice refers to him as the "Skylark of Methodism." It is a very apt characterization because Bishop Quayle was far more of a preacher poet than he was a church administrator. He was much prouder of his connection with Kansas than he was of his birth in Missouri, but he was born near Parkville, Missouri, June 25, 1860. In his own whimsical way he tells us of his birth and life. The words he wrote were for inclusion in a volume of short biographies. This is what he said, just after he became President of Baker University:

"It was my singular fortune to be born in Missouri, but being anti-slavery in sentiment, and animated with the laudable desire of 'going west and growing up with the country,' in 1860, at the tender age of thirty days, an accommodating Providence permitted me to emigrate to Kansas, in which commonwealth I have, according to previous arrangements, grown up.

"During the latter part of the war I was at Fort Leavenworth where in common with many other patriotic citizens, 'I fought, bled, and died' for my country. At the close of the war I returned to private life, and engaged in the lucrative and aesthetic occupation of hoeing corn and digging potatoes. This continued to be my business till I entered college. In 1885 Baker University allowed me to graduate. I have served my Alma Mater in the various capacities of tutor, adjunct professor, professor of Greek, and president.

"My portrait is to be found in Audubon's Collection of American Birds, and is said to be an excellent likeness.

"My friends have often taken occasion to remark that in point of veracity I greatly resemble the esteemed 'Father

of his Country.' This I consider creditable to both of us. I mention this fact from the twofold reason, that in these degenerate times truthfulness is a rare virtue, and that it is the paramount virtue of the author of these memoirs.

"I have never held an office, and am apparently not equal to the emergency of writing spring poetry. From present indications I am destined to add another name to the already extended list of 'Mute, inglorious Miltons,' or 'Cromwells, guiltless of their country's blood.' With which melancholy reflection I conclude."

It was not my privilege to know him intimately. That I have always regretted because I cannot imagine an acquaintance that would have yielded finer contacts. I did have the opportunity of hearing him on more than one occasion. During my years as a graduate student in the University of Chicago I used to go often to St. James Methodist Church where he was the pastor. His Sunday evening service was very informal and I will never forget one such service when he announced as his subject "A House of Prayer." He began his sermon by describing the furnishing of a home by one of his rich friends. This friend had gone to Europe and purchased articles of furniture without any thought about their fitting into the rooms of his home. The preacher described in a very humorous way the lavish display and the incongruous setting of these purchases. The congregation was convulsed with laughter and this encouraged the preacher to go on with his humorous description. At the end of twenty-five minutes he said, "I see no chance to relate this to my subject and it is late enough to keep you. Stand for the benediction." In the experience of any other man it would have been a failure, but for this preacher it was a kind of triumph. As people went away they were saying, "He was great tonight. I am going to make it a habit to be here every Sunday evening."

It was not his custom to make one service like another or to preach a sermon which too closely resembled one

he had preached before. Because of his genius and originality one of the daily papers in Chicago had a reporter present each Sunday to take the sermon in full. It was printed in the Monday morning paper and there are not many instances in the history of the American pulpit where a metropolitan paper has carried in full, week after week, the sermons of a preacher.

His comment on preaching he had heard was this, "I think sometimes of the funny men I have had preach to me and I remember how they did tear the beautiful garments of dramatic expression into small ribbons and did not care about the ribbons at all and I remember when I heard them fall on the "whoms" and the "whos" and all the other ridiculosities of speech. Yet I remember some of those men who could not get it arranged whether they should say who or whom, who brought you up until you fell on the outstretched hand and caught the foot of the cross of God. I would not say that I like people to be ungrammatical, but I would rather hear some people who are ungrammatical and divine, than to hear some other people who are grammatical and utterly human.

"Thanks be to God for the preachers who thought so little of themselves because they thought so much of Christ; thank God for the preachers who had not more sense than to go around visiting everybody, and did not know that anybody was lowly, but thought that there were only high people in the world because Christ died for them, and had said to everyone, 'Brother, Christ spoke your name in my ear, and He said—He knew you all—Come on over, Come on over.' "

William A. Quayle was of Manx descent. The Isle of Man has produced a sturdy race and its picturesque location has given a poetic strain to the life of its people. Manxmen are as a rule lovers of nature and their souls seem to be filled with imaginative glimpses of mountains and seas, such as their ancestors knew. Furthermore, those with re-

ligious faith have very deep convictions. We know that among the ancestors of this Methodist preacher were some very devoted people who used to stir their fellow religionists with their messages. Though the acquaintance we have with them is limited these ancestors bequeathed to William A. Quayle a love of nature, a poetic strain, that dominated his speech, and a deep sense of the reality of God.

No man ever had a harder struggle because in the American scene where he grew up he had such a little chance. His mother died in Colorado when he was a small child. He never knew where she was buried. More than once he went to the section where he thought she was buried and roamed over the hills and mountains in search of her grave. His father was a poor miner and while he was still a boy he came to live in the home of a Kansas farmer. There was little money there and it was necessary for him to make his own way. Surely no man ever had less in the way of immediate background and no man ever received less assistance in the realization of his desire for an education. In a passage from one of his letters he tells about his ancestry and his heart hunger for a home life in his own home which he never knew as a boy.

"I am the son of a foreign man and woman, and they came over here so they could get to see each other. And they saw each other, that is sure. And by and by, as the woman and man have seen each other, and seeing each other have loved each other, and loving each other have married each other so my father and mother did. You can fall in love in any language, thank the Lord! And this is the thing that I have remembered about it, never having known my mother, waiting now, and waiting yet, and waiting for some dreamy, shadow face to come—waiting for my mother's face—my father having long since slipped out into the land of morning to clasp my mother by the hand, and walk the shining ways, called the ways of the Province of God. Yet this I know, that my mother and my father

met and married, and were beautifully poor; so that I, a Methodist preacher, have never had to learn poverty, having known it from the first. And my father, gone to heaven years since, and my mother who had gone before him, from the summits of the Rocky Mountains years and years ago, before I ever knew her kiss, left no library to me—no other books, but only these, "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," and the Bible.

"O me! There are ancestors of great repute for some. As Tennyson has said, 'There be those sprung from the midriff of an hundred kings,' but I would rather have been the son of a woman and man, who in their penury could not leave to the child of their love, to the child of their heart and hearth, anything but a Bible, than to have been descended from all the majesties of history."

After heroic efforts this ambitious boy found himself at Baker University. He went through his courses and in his college days made an impression on his teachers. Even in his student days he showed some of that genius which was afterwards to characterize him. Almost immediately after his graduation he took the pastorate of a small church at Osage City, Kansas. It was in that little church that he actually preached his last sermon also. While he was still a young pastor he was called to a professorship at Baker University. There he married and an eyewitness of the ceremony has given us an account of the wedding.

"The wedding of Professor W. A. Quayle and Mrs. A. H. Robbins occurred January 28, at Vineland, the home of the bride's parents. The wedding was private, only a few of their most intimate friends being present. At one-thirty P.M. the couple appeared. We are sorry that we cannot tell you how they were dressed, but we forgot to notice. We will say that the bride looked sweet and charming, having an expression of trust and confidence that cannot be described. The Professor was natural, except a little nervous. His look and manner betrayed a love that is not short-lived and

transient, the fascination of an hour, but as deep and real as life, as eternal as a soul."

He had taught only a few years when he was called to the presidency of Baker University. It was a fortunate choice for the College, and it was universally recognized that a new period in the history of the institution began with the inauguration of President Quayle. Among the contemporary comments on his selection was, "The inauguration of Professor Quayle is the opening of a new chapter in the history of Baker University. The youngest college president in the world, he is nevertheless the man for the place, and has already proven that the confidence of the trustees was not misplaced. He is a living demonstration of the fact that the West has become educationally and intellectually self-supporting."

He gave to his new task the best that he had and in every way he served the college and its interest. By his many addresses and sermons he attracted such attention that he was soon in demand as pastor of a church.

His address as he became President of Baker University was on "The Debt of the Intellect to Jesus." "He who has wrestled with the ideas that Jesus gave is as one who hath fought with Gods. Christ is an intellectual force. Christianity is an intellectual regeneration. Christian education is Christ in Education. And certainly if modern civilization is the outgrowth of Christian thought, if the manhood of the nineteenth century is the product of Christian ethics, if the ideas given by God to man have been so stimulative as to rouse the intellect to put on its strength, is it not self-evident that the Christ element is an all-important factor in education? Culture which shall omit Jesus is a misnomer. The need of our age, and the need of every age until time becomes a memory, is an education of which Christ shall be at once the center and circumference. Here, as always, he should be the all in all, and this not simply from a theological standpoint but also from the point of

intellectuality. An incoming Christ should mean outgoing narrowness.

"I would not have the classics nor mathematics taught less. While protesting against every scientific hypothesis being classed as science, I would magnify the office of true science. I would not have Christian educational institutions teach the great intellectual essentials less; but I would have them teach the Bible more. I would magnify the work of all these intellectual agencies; but I would have them teach the Bible more. I would magnify the work of all these intellectual agencies; but I would put the Bible beside them. I would give it a prominent place in the curriculum. Its sublime concepts, its exalted ethics, its profound psychology, and its vital godliness should be taught and become a part, and a prominent part, of a student's intellectual accoutrement. It is true now as in the long ago, 'My people perish for want of knowledge.' "

His first pastorate was at Osage City, Kansas. Both there and at Baker University he had made such a reputation that he soon became pastor of one of the great churches in Kansas City. At the Independence Avenue Church he was heard by the whole city and in every congregation were many visitors. From that church he went to Meridian Street Church in Indianapolis. Then he returned to the downtown church of Kansas City Methodism, the Grand Avenue Temple. His next church was St. James Church in Chicago. These four great churches hold the record of his preaching ministry and his pastoral work. He never had a church so large, nor knew demands strenuous enough to compel him to surrender personal contact with the people of his church. There were hundreds of people, great and small, with whom he knew personal association and he never touched anyone's life without giving to that person the help that was needed. One of his great sermons was based on the Biblical sentence, "Have tasted the powers of the world to come." A paragraph from that sermon reveals his preach-

ing genius: "And the book said—Did I not read it in your hearing just now? 'Have tasted the powers of the world to come.' We have heard Paderewski play, aye. We have seen Turner paint, aye. We have heard Tennyson's voice echo like a storm among the mountains, aye, aye! We have tasted of God. We have touched our lips to His Cross and found it sweet. We have worn an amaranth at the heart. But that is just a taste of the powers of the world to come. We have fallen in love with God: we have fallen in love with folks: we have started. Ah, yes; we have tasted here, but we shall have the bounty yonder. The powers of the world to come! We shall be big folks there; we shall be well folks there; we shall be wise folks there; we shall be successful folks there. Aye, we shall have gotten hold of the powers there. Oh, souls of women, and of men, stretch, stretch to the touch of the powers of the world to come."

He was a collector of Bibles and possessed at his death one of the most valuable collections ever assembled. That collection is in the keeping of Baker University. Some of the volumes must have cost a small fortune, but he was willing to make any kind of sacrifice to possess them. He loved all literature and in addition to the valuable Bibles his library contained other priceless treasures. He loved to finger them, to read from them, and to talk to his friends about them. He could spend a whole evening in conversation about one of his beloved books. During the years of his pastorate at St. James Church he delivered lectures on literary subjects. I heard him in several of his penetrating discussions of "The Women of Shakespeare." He was in demand as a popular lecturer and many an Annual Conference as well as many a church audience heard him in a vivid portrayal of the character of Victor Hugo's hero in "Les Miserables."

Bishop Quayle was a reader who could master a page almost at a glance and his reading covered a wide range of literature. He wrote as easily as he read and his prose

was poetry. He wrote a score of books and these books of his were eagerly read by his admirers. Perhaps no one of them is read much today, but his insights into the masterpieces of literature make him one of the most appreciative and one of the keenest critics of all the great writers who have used our Anglo-Saxon language. He kept company with the great minds of the past, and if one of those men who wrote immortal lines could have returned to earth he would have found a companion soul in William A. Quayle.

Books he bought all his life, and his last cent he would spend for a book he liked. He built up a library which was of great value to any lover of books. Some early editions he acquired, and it would be difficult to know which brought him most delight in owning them—the sacrifice he made to acquire them, the joy he had in handling them for the first time, or the inspiration he found in reading their pages. What pleasure it gave him to write in one of his treasured volumes "No copy of this book is in the British Museum."

He loved the out of doors and he would wander for hours through the woods finding every flower and shrub and listening to the call of many birds. He felt that God was out of doors and would often say that God haunts it as Jesus haunted the mountain and the sea. I have had the privilege of visiting in the cottage which was his at Epworth Heights in Ludington, Michigan. The garden is planted with so many varieties of shrubs that it looks like a touch of some natural wonderland. In the morning and in the evening the birds must have found these shrubs and trees as happy places in which to sing their songs. Within the cottage was a man who understood all they had to say and who loved every note of their songs. No speaker could more vividly describe the beauty of a natural scene or the reflection there of some mood of God.

"Some people do not well know that God is out of doors. I marvel at them. He made the out of doors and loves it,

and haunts it as Jesus did the mountains and the sea." These were his words.

Emerson once wrote,

> "But in the mud and scum of things,
> There always, always, something sings."

A friend of mind once said, "He is a poor sort of man who never sees anything but mud in a mud hole." Bishop Quayle spoke to Dr. Rice of beautiful mud. It was not only because beautiful flowers grew out of mud, but because he found something fine in mud.

It was not nature but nature as the handiwork of God that interested Quayle. He was fascinated equally by majesty and the commonplace.

In his administrative work, Bishop Quayle was sometimes moved more by his emotional intuitions than by balanced judgment. Keen of mind he would react quickly to a situation, and he could be both critical and mistaken in his conclusions. More than one of his associates had memories of hasty action in the making of appointments or the solving of problems. Such action brought afterwards regrets, but the harm was done. This led people often to say that a magnificent preacher could be a poor director of a spiritual enterprise. His very genius could be the explanation of his mistakes in decision.

Dr. Charles Gilbreath, who has long served nobly Missouri Methodism, in a personal letter to me recalls some impressions of the bishop: "Bishop Quayle was unique. He may not have been greater than others. He certainly was different. Bishop Quayle was Presiding Bishop at the 1917 session of my Conference when I was elected Secretary. He presided at the Conference of 1918, 1919, 1920 and 1921 while I was Secretary. Near the close of the first Conference, I think it was on Saturday, the bishop sent for me. I went to his room and he handed me his personal record of the

Conference and asked me if I would check it to see that all was correct. I checked but part of it was missing and part of it I could not read. After some consideration I took an eraser and erased all of the bishop's notations and then filled in all of the answers to questions. I did that each year thereafter. It is reported that one of his preachers once wrote to the bishop asking if he would lecture for him on a certain occasion. The answer was received in due time but the preacher could not read it. He wired as follows: 'Dear Bishop Quayle, Did you say you would or wouldn't?' His typing was almost as notorious as his writing. He said that his typewriter stuttered."

Dr. Gilbreath recalls these other experiences: "Bishop Quayle was unpredictable. At one Annual Conference he might insist that every preacher should be consulted about his appointment. At the next he might not tell any one where he was to go. I knew one outstanding preacher to be put on a district without a word being said to him about it. Another man, who was an intimate friend of the bishop, was left wondering about his appointment until the last minute. He went to the bishop and insisted that he should be told or he would ask for a sabbatical year. The bishop told him that he was to go to the Kansas City District.

"When I was pastor at Lee's Summit we built a new church which Bishop Quayle dedicated for us. The old church had a very good bell in the tower. The bishop rang it and liked it. He wished he had that bell. A wealthy member of the congregation heard about this, paid the church for it, had it taken down, crated and shipped to Bishop Quayle at Baldwin, Kansas, where the bishop had a ranch of a few acres. He had the bell hung and rang it. At his request it was rung when he died—then the clapper was removed.

"I have seen him rise in the midst of a busy session when something was said that stirred him and deliver an address

of thirty minutes that would arouse the Conference. I remember such an occasion at Warrensburg during the First World War. When he concluded the address, which was as spontaneous as anything could be, one of the preachers rose and said, 'Bishop that address should be in print. It should not be lost. We should secure a stenographer to record such addresses and preserve them.' The bishop smiled and said, 'I do not know how it can be done. I have had stenographers who have tried but they get lost and can not keep up. And I can not reproduce them. When an address or sermon is delivered it is like smoke. It is gone.' His vocabulary was extraordinary and when he was going under full steam he sometimes coined words. That was the undoing of stenographers. While they were trying to figure out such a word he went on and left them. He was truly a master of English speech."

There was too much of individuality about William A. Quayle for him to fit into any pattern, even that of the Episcopacy. He was not an administrator and problems of management were always difficult for him. The making of appointments was as irksome and trying as the handling of a church. Yet at the same time he could fasten his attention on the matter in hand and get through an amazing amount of business when he was presiding at a conference. While he does not hold the record for the number of measures considered by the General Conference during a session, many remember a time when he presided and directed the Conference through the consideration of so many measures that he does hold second place among the bishops of the church in the number of reports handled in one session. That would indicate some genius even in administration, but those who attended an Annual Conference over which he presided will remember longest his devotional talks, his individual messages to young ministers being ordained, and his making of the Service of Holy Communion a real sacrament. One of the most frequently quoted stories about

him tells of a Communion Service at an Annual Conference where all had been served. The bishop noticed the colored janitor in the back of the church, called him to the chancel to receive the Communion, and then went around to kneel himself by the colored man to share with him the broken body and shed blood of our Lord.

A gift of a lovely book, a present of a suit of clothes to attend Conference, a personal letter in a time of sorrow—these were expressions of his deep interest in his preacher brethren. In his biography of Bishop Quayle, Dr. Rice quotes this letter of sympathy written near the end of the bishop's own life to one in sorrow: "I catch your hands wet with weeping, I would caress you with my voice and with my spirit, if I knew how. Nobody can reach your grief but God. Friends would, but can not. They reach but can not touch. Souls live too far apart. Losing is piercing like an arrow. But we had. The Laureate was right. We had love, and keep love. Love does not disintegrate. It is indivisible like soul. We part; we meet, and then we part no more. Blessed forward look. The Homeland is very real, and very blessed. Christ told us things we can not forget. He has prepared a place.

"We love you, and grieve with you, and rejoice over your accumulating riches in the Better Land. Let us look the sunset hard in the face. So many of our beloveds are beyond its burnished gold. 'I go to prepare a place for you' wastes not from our sky. We hope and sing. Yours, while life burns its eternal light."

When he was asking for retirement he sent to the General Conference at Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1924 this characteristic message: "I greet you in the name of Christ. I intrude on your time to prefer a request. It is a grief to my heart not to be with you. Poor health alone prevents."

"I have esteemed it a great privilege to be one of the American people and to have ministered to them for my life time. I have loved our Methodist Episcopal Church,

and its laity have been kind to mine and me. Its ministry with few exceptions have been beautiful, devoted men of God with whom it was a joy to serve and associate. Thank God for the Methodist Episcopal Church, membership and ministry. Having been served by the Grace of God, I have been 'allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel.'—Had I a hundred lives to live I should desire to spend them all in this sublime service.—It has been a sunny life, radiant as spring.—I now ask you, brethren, to grant me the favor of the retired relation, regretting that impaired health makes the request imperative. Praying the blessing of the God-Christ to dwell upon you and your deliberations for the church we love and the world for which Christ died, I am gratefully your brother in the Gospel."

Bishop Enoch Mather Marvin

Chapter II

ENOCH MATHER MARVIN was born in a farm home near Wright City in Montgomery County, Missouri, on June 12, 1823. The Marvins and the Mathers were New England families and came to the shores of America in very early days. As a matter of fact, the Marvin family came to New England as early as 1635. The Mathers came about the same time. There were four intermarriages of the Marvins and the Mathers, that belonging to this history being of Elisha Marvin and Catherine Mather about the year 1738. As was true in the case of many New England families, there was a migration to the West and one Marvin family arrived in Missouri in 1817. From a biography of Bishop Marvin, to which I am much indebted, there are these references to the family life during those early years in Missouri.

"The dwellers there, in its entire history, were among the best educated, most cultivated and refined of the community; and were held in great respect and universal honor. Among them, of the original family, was a grand-sire, as he was called by children and grandchildren, and was held in utmost reverence. He was seated and served first at table, and his quiet and comfort promoted by all manner of kindly attention, which might help him through the long days, remove fears from the way, and interest failing desire. He was a native of Lyme, and died in 1841, in his ninety-fifth year. Tall and large, he had a remarkable presence, and his appearance in earlier years must have been very imposing. After his marriage with Ruth Ely, of Lyme, he removed to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where his family was brought up, of which Wells Ely was the youngest child. Other children were living in the East at the time, but his

heart, as is common, was with his last born, whom he followed in his several Western emigrations. With the responsive filial reverence and devotion, it makes one of the lovely memory-pictures which hang around the walls of this house. The beautiful face of the grandmother, who was of small and graceful person, appears in it, who lived long enough to find the pleasant pastime of a matriarch in the pranks and prattle of three of her grandchildren. She died in her seventy-sixth year, in the summer of 1826. The loneliness of the following years of her consort was a dark line in the touch of sadness which had shadowed their later life. Reduced from considerable affluence by suretyship for friends in Massachusetts, he was removed from the most favored and cherished associations, and spent the remnant of days in the quiet and deep retirement of the wilderness. They were passed in dignified composure and patience, and, perhaps, the melancholy twilight of vanished fortune was not an unwelcome, as it was a profitable prelude to an end of days and entrance on a better life, of which they had the solace in incipient experience, and the hope in death."

In one of the rooms of the farm house Enoch Mather was first taught letters and had his schooling until he was eleven or twelve years old. His mother was teacher in the summer and his father in the winter. They had both been teachers before coming west and the school which they maintained in their home became a neighborhood school as well as a family school. The boy was called "Mather" and in appearance he was like the other boys of the new country in dress, occupation and social surroundings. He drove the plow and swung the scythe; he fed the stock and milked the cows; he did such chores about the house as cutting wood and helping in the kitchen. Without complaint and in a kindly manner he did whatever was needed.

He was the third child in a family of three sons and one daughter.

"The parents were both of small stature—the father, neat in person, with regular features, well-formed head, and black hair; the mother had brown hair and dark complexion, and was sprightly and active in her movements. Except Nathaniel, the second son, who resembled his father, there was not much likeness of the children to their parents or to each other. Elisha, the first-born, is described as robust and stocky. Mather was from childhood of slender frame and delicate constitution. Mrs. Marvin reports him as saying that he used often to feel ashamed that his physical strength did not enable him to keep up with the other boys in the work of the field. On the Wednesday before his death, when disease began its fatal strokes, he exclaimed in a violent paroxysm of suffering: "I have never had such pain but once, when I was a boy." Every summer he had attacks of bilious fever; often pleurisy, and the rheumatism, which plagued him through life, began in early childhood. In boyhood his hair was light. All descriptions agree that his frame was very angular and his gait ungainly."

He was devoted to his sister, Marcia, and never ceased to grieve for her since she died of tuberculosis at the early age of twenty-two. He survived both of his brothers to each of whom he was also devoted. It was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William McConnell where he was converted and joined the Methodist Church. That home was the regular preaching place on the circuit. He always dated his conversion as December, 1840. Throughout his ministry he often referred to the religious experience of those early years. Almost from the time of his conversion he was convinced that he ought to preach. A friend refers to the mental and soul anguish of those days of decision. "He took it to pieces and scrutinized every part with severe discrimination against pride and vanity, self-will and self-seeking and self-sufficiency, and knew it to be of God by the witness of His hand and the imprint of His seal. His credentials were clearly certified when he entered the min-

istry, and were never afterwards in question with him. This clear definition of duty in the judgment of his conscience was not reached without much perplexity; nor without painful self-surrender was there the ready submission to God's will, which he rendered. There were conflicting claims which appealed strongly to his filial sentiments. It cost him a struggle to cross his father's wishes. He had, also, to overcome local attachments, and to deny, like Elisha, the social impulses which were strong in him, and which had surrounded him in his home-life with the most cherished and endearing associations. Especially to exchange these for the privations and hardships of the Methodist Itinerant Ministry in the far West of forty years ago, was trying to "flesh and blood."

There were some who sought to discourage him because he was so awkward in appearance and because he did not have the advantages of a good education. However, there were others who saw the promise in this country boy and believed that he was truly called of God. The first sermon preached by young Marvin was at Old Bethlehem Church not far from home. He was admitted on trial into the Missouri Conference at its session held in the fall of 1841 at Palmyra with Bishop Morris presiding, and was given as his first appointment Grundy Mission. His salary that first year was $15.00 for the year, but the members of the church provided care for him and the horse he rode. The Conference at the close of his year on Grundy Mission was held at Jefferson City commencing August 31, 1842, with Bishop Roberts presiding. He was entertained at one of the best homes in the community and it was probably the finest house he had ever entered. At this Conference he was continued on trial and was appointed to the Oregon Mission in the north west part of the state. On that mission the salary was $30.00 for the year. At the close of that year he was admitted into full connection, though many still had misgivings. His third appointment was to Liberty

Circuit in the Richmond District and his fourth appointment was that of Junior Preacher at Fourth Street Church in St. Louis. He was rather a strict disciplinarian though he was not an ascetic. His experience in the city taught him that ways of life there may be very different from the standards of the country.

"The course of study, in its extent and character, made the sound theologian Marvin was. In only one thing, his views on natural death and in this not as of essential doctrine, did he differ with its entire teaching. It taught and fortified him in the Arminan theology. That he adopted intelligently, fully, heartily. He defended it stoutly. He preached it purely and powerfully. Of the value of the theological curriculum of the Conference and the authority of its principal textbooks, he had pronounced sentiments. Dogma, in general, he regarded as the very intrenchment of essential and saving truth. In his writings and in his administration, he insisted as well on the one part as the other of the Methodist Shibboleth, 'sound in doctrine and holy in life.' "

When the Missouri Conference met at Columbia in 1845 it voted to adhere to the Methodist Episcopal Church South, under the Plan of Separation, which had been adopted by the General Conference of 1844. There were created two Annual Conferences in Missouri, the separating line being the Missouri River; the Conference south of the river was called the St. Louis Conference and that north of the river retained the name of the Missouri Conference. A week before the session of the Conference Enoch M. Marvin was married. The young minister and his bride traveled to Conference on a Missouri River steamboat and went by the same conveyance to their first Circuit together. The marriage took place September 23, 1845 and the officiating clergyman was the Rev. John Hogan. Mrs. Marvin was devoted to her husband and deeply consecrated to her work. In a volume of his sermons there is a dedication to his wife.

" 'TO MY WIFE: To whose cheerful self-denial and devotion to my work; to whose rigid economy in administering domestic expenditures; to whose ready adjustment of of her wants to the exigencies of a meager support, in our earlier life; to whose careful and godly training of our children, in my protracted absences from home; and to the example of whose faith and purity of heart I am more deeply indebted, as a Methodist Preacher, than any one except our Maker can know—this volume is affectionately inscribed.' "

Three children died as infants. Those who lived were Marcia Clark, Ada, Fielding, Cornelia and Mary. His son, Fielding, has this recollection of his father:

" 'During my early childhood he was away from home most of the time and to me his coming was as that of a stranger. Timidly I came into his presence, and the cordial request had frequently to be turned into the harsh command to gain obedience. Until I was old enough to appreciate his love this firmness caused still greater dread and his continued absences only increased the estrangement.

" 'My weakness called forth his liveliest pity and sympathy. His letters to me while at school were filled with words of tenderness. Above all and always they warned me against every species of evil. I remember a sentence in one of them something like this—The brightest success, if God be dishonored, is but a gilded pathway to destruction.

" 'It is true that he regarded his duty to the church above every thing else, but his affection for his family was beyond expression tender. There was no sacrifice of his own comfort that he would not make for them, and yet he would even sacrifice their comfort, if necessary, to the advancement of the Church. In the family circle he was kind to all, sometimes jovial, and at times some of his witticisms were severe; but never so, if he knew the subject was sensitive.' "

Among the letters written to his children by Bishop Marvin there are expressions of affection and deep concern

for their future. I take a paragraph out of a letter written on November 1, 1872 to his son, Fielding.

" 'A life consecrated to God can never be a failure. Whatever may be the result of mere business or professional ventures, such a life attains to the highest end of existence. Of course I shall be rejoiced if you do well in your profession, and, if your life and health be spared, I doubt not that you will. But even if worst should come to worst in regard to "the affairs of this life" I shall certainly not consider that a calamity. Nothing is a calamity except the ruin of the soul. Preserve honor and truth. Keep your promise with God. Seek first the kingdom of God. Indeed you have done this as to time. Still, hold it first in importance.' "

In 1846 Enoch M. Marvin was stationed at Hannibal and there he continued as pastor for two years. This was his first station appointment as he had served the Western Circuit with his wife the year before. At that time Hannibal was the chief appointment in the Conference. After he had served it for two years he was appointed to Monticello Circuit, an average Circuit in the Conference. The Bishop did not think that he was demoting Marvin in sending him from the chief Station to a Circuit nor did Marvin feel that he was being demoted as he went. His next appointment was to Palmyra Station and the next after that to St. Charles Circuit. His income on the Western Circuit was $90.00 and it was necessary for the family to use the income from the farm to meet deficits. As a matter of fact, the farm had to be sold to pay debts contracted for living. During his service on the Monticello Circuit he and his wife faced financial hardships though at Hannibal he seems to have received $600 a year. The appointment to Hannibal was a turning point in his ministry. He was happy in his work on the Monticello Circuit, at Palmyra and back in his old home territory at St. Charles, but Hannibal was his first Station and his success there seemed to vindicate the confidence his friends had in him. He was made Presiding Elder

of the St. Charles District in 1852 and re-appointed in 1853.

One writes of an evangelistic meeting he held as Presiding Elder:

"During his Presiding Eldership he held a meeting at Louisiana of remarkable interest and power. It was one of the greatest triumphs of his pulpit. As I now remember, that meeting lasted about three weeks, with no intermission at night and not often by day. Some incidents remain in my memory. During the entire meeting deep solemnity prevailed. There was but little, if any, of the effort often used to stir up artificial excitement, but a continual moving of the deep waters of grace. It resulted in a large and healthy increase of the Church membership. The Church was largely attended by the preachers and members of other denominations, among whom were several notably revived in religious experience."

He was only twenty-nine years old when he was appointed to the District and his associates in the Cabinet were much older. It was the leading District in the Conference and the older men had the greatest respect for both his ability and his spirit. During these years he was often preacher at the Annual Conference and more than once the preacher at the important Sunday evening service. He was often called on to preach at church dedications and his reputation as a preacher grew. Many people expressed amazement at his pulpit power. In 1854 he was chosen as a delegate to the Third General Conference of the Southern Church held at Columbus, Georgia. He was elected a delegate also to each of the two following General Conferences. His election was due as much to appreciation of his character as to admiration of his pulpit ability. It was in 1855 that Marvin came as pastor to Centenary Church in St. Louis. To that church came people from hotels as well as from the homes of St. Louis and he drew such congregations that his reputation as a preacher grew. At the Conference sessions held in Missouri in 1855 Marvin's name appears as

pastor of the Centenary Church in the St. Louis Conference and as Agent for the St. Charles College in the Missouri Conference. Marvin's name appears on the roll of the St. Louis Conference until 1866 when he became a Bishop. No sessions of the Conference were held during the war period except in the year 1861. After his pastorate at Centenary, Marvin went to First Church in 1857 and stayed there for two years. He did much to further cooperation between Centenary and First Church. Then he came back to Centenary as pastor and remained until February, 1862. In all he spent about seven years as pastor in St. Louis in the period just before the War Between the States. Writing of his work in St. Louis he says:

" 'It is remarkable how population comes and goes in these great Western cities. The results of church work in St. Louis cannot be gathered up. I cannot doubt that within the recollection of living pastors thousands have been converted to God in the revivals from first to last who have been scattered abroad amidst the active changes of a great city. It is astonishing how few compose the permanent citizenship and the permanent membership of the churches. Converts of St. Louis Methodism are, no doubt, to be found in the churches all over the land. This unsettled condition of the population makes church work in a great city onerous and in a large measure discouraging. Revivals are not so productive of home growth as in staid communities. There is a great ingathering every year or two; but the advancement of one year can scarcely be found in any considerable measure at the end of the next. So, there is a work all the while to do over again.' "

During those years at St. Louis he felt called upon to defend the Protestant position from the attacks of a Roman Catholic lecturer at the College Church of St. Louis University. This reply of Marvin's and the controversy which followed attracted wide attention throughout the whole St. Louis area. The lectures which he delivered in defending

the Protestant position were published in book form and Marvin was looked upon as the leader of a Protestant Movement which prevented the complete domination of the Mississippi Valley by the Roman Catholic Church. Those who followed him in his St. Louis pastorates testify to the affection and love in which his parishioners held him. One minister writes: "I heard his Presiding Elder say in open Conference that E. M. Marvin had made a deeper and broader impression on St. Louis than any other minister who had ever labored there."

The session of the St. Louis Conference in 1861 was held at Arrow Rock but it was impossible for St. Louis preachers to go. Missouri had passed the Ordinance of Secession, but the State Government had to flee because federal authorities began the military occupation of the state. In the fall of 1861 had been fought the Battles of Lexington, Wilson's Creek, and Carthage as the southern forces under General Sterling Price were forced out of the state. Having been elected a delegate to the General Conference in New Orleans in 1862, Marvin left St. Louis in late February, 1862. It was several days before he could leave the county on his long journey south. Mrs. Marvin writes about that journey:

" 'He left his home with great regret and chiefly under a sense of duty to attend the General Conference. He thought, also, that the oath of allegiance would soon be demanded of him, and which he could not conscientiously take. A pass from the military authorities was required to go beyond the limits of St. Louis County and he was thus kept from visiting us at our home in Warren County. He got to see us on one occasion as the officiating minister at the funeral of a person who died in St. Louis and was buried at St. Charles, a general pass having been obtained for the whole company. After preaching on Sunday night he went out to Mr. William C. Woodson's house. At daylight the next morning he was in the saddle and on the road, passing

through Fenton. He left the place in charge of Reuben and Suky, faithful colored servants, who had been with us eight years. He had laid in family supplies to last for three years, which he supposed would be the duration of the war.' "

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One of his contemporaries, Dr. F. A. Morris, the first pastor of St. John's Church has this to say of that journey:

"As to the cause of his going, it was ostensibly to attend the General Conference. He was a delegate. But the Church and the country in the South were broken up. Nobody thought that there would be a session of the General Conference. It is not likely that Brother Marvin looked for it. Yet the reason of his going was a powerful one, for he left all, his family, his Church; and by night, without a permit, made his escape through the military lines. Going away as he did, he knew that he could not return till the war was over. Yet he went. Was it to escape the oath with which we were all threatened under imprisonment in case of refusal to take it? He would not have taken any oath which would have been a violation of truth and conscience. And certainly he was not afraid of imprisonment when in the path of duty. Why then did he leave as he did? I think that he was called by the Spirit of God, who seeth the end from the beginning, to leave all things here and go forth on a new and wider and perilous field of labor and usefulness. How he labored and with what great results is known to all the Church in the South."

The success of the Federal Army along the lower Mississippi made impossible the holding of the General Conference at New Orleans in 1862. Marvin probably learned this on his arrival in Memphis. Since his service in the army did not begin until the next year, he supplied a charge at Woodville, Mississippi. After the Mississippi Conference in December, 1862, Woodville Station was filled by regular appointment and Marvin went to Price's army at Grenada. In the spring of 1863 Price's army moved west of the Missis-

sippi River into Arkansas and there the army remained until the close of the war. Marvin was recognized as special chaplain to Major-General Sterling Price's headquarters, but he was never a regular chaplain. Bishop Paine did give him an appointment as Superintendent of Chaplains in the Western Department of the Confederate Army, but he never had a military commission. The hardships of army life were difficult to endure and there was more than once serious illness during the war years. He was present with the army on only one battlefield, at Helena, July 4, 1863. In that bitter engagement there was much loss of life and Marvin was the comforter of the dying and wounded.

Although Marvin ministered to the soldiers and served the army through the war years he never lost sight of the fact that the function of the church is purely spiritual. He could not think of the church as politically partisan. Here are some words of his:

"The Church is the bride of Christ. She is debauched by political alliances. They are a breach of her marital vows. Her purity is lost when she goes after other lovers. A church which becomes a politico-ecclesiastical organization is a hybrid—a cross between religion and politics. The progeny of this cross is a monster. The very conscience that comes from the spiritual side of its pedigree is fanatical and unnaturally sensitive and by virtue of this it is always remorseless."

During the years of his war services the larger part of his labors was in pastoral duties and the visitation of churches. After the surrender of the southern armies in 1865 he took charge of Marshal Station in Texas as a Supply and remained in charge until the spring of 1866. He had preached often in Eastern Texas during the war years and it was no unusual thing for him to hold meetings in churches near the army encampment. The minister of a small church writes:

"When I first became acquainted with Bishop Marvin, I was stationed at Jacksonport, Arkansas. He was there with

General Price, and spent a part of the time in my office, reading, conversing, etc. It was, however, in the pulpit, and in conducting a prayer meeting, that I realized the greatness of the man. I was very much impressed by a personal narrative which he gave in one of the prayer-meetings, and which showed the true character of his piety. He stated that he had recently been traveling in the wilds of Arkansas—his mind was oppressed, his heart sad. He had been driven from his family and home by the invading foe, and could not hear of their welfare, and it seemed to him that clouds and darkness had completely enveloped him. In this state of heart he approached an old log cabin in a very dilapidated condition. As he drew nearer he distinguished the sound of some female singing, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' He at once alighted and went in, for the sound seemed to enter his very soul. He found there the singer—a poor old widow, in the midst of poverty, but was happy in spite of her loneliness and want. He felt and said that if an old widow in such want could sing such a song, that certainly he could. He gave to the wind his fears—his full confidence in an overruling Providence was brought into lovely exercise, and from that day he went on singing 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' "

Another minister writes about his preaching at Jefferson, Texas:

"Though jaded by travel, he preached that evening the first of six consecutive sermons on the great commission, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature,' etc. His incisive mind brought forth clear-cut views of the plan of salvation, whilst his earnest impassioned soul fallowed the ground for their reception. His voice was full—a little hoarse; his manner easy and natural. Beginning in rather measured tones, he would warm and quicken with his theme, until his earnest appeals became quite irresistible. He had versatility of style, could be analytical, metaphysical, argumentative, descriptive, but always earnest, and general-

ly pathetic. He was a man of results, his mission was to all, the lofty and the low. The courtly and the abject shared alike his ministrations."

In the spring of 1865 President Lincoln gave the Marvin family a special permit to pass through the federal lines. After three years of separation the family was reunited. When the St. Louis Conference met in the fall of 1864, Marvin had been absent so long that his name was not on the list of those elected to the General Conference. Though he was not present as a delegate, Marvin was elected one of the bishops of the church on the first ballot in 1866. Dr. F. A. Morris of the St. Louis Conference writes of that election:

"On the coming of the delegates together it seemed to be conceded, without any opposition, that a man west of the Mississippi was to be one of the new bishops; and E. M. Marvin was the spontaneous choice of all the Western and Southwestern Conferences. No one else was thought of, and his election was regarded as a certainty."

On that day of his election he was journeying to New Orleans by steamer. He tells us that the devil was suggesting to him that he was making this trip for the realization of a great ambition and that consequently he spent much time on his knees asking God's forgiveness for entertaining any such thought. He made such a poor appearance on his arrival that Bishop Robert Paine felt constrained to buy him a new suit of clothes. Bishop Paine writes:

"On his first appearance in the Conference room after his arrival, I saw him come in and take a seat on the rear bench in the corner of the Church. His attire was common and worn, and his hair was untrimmed, and his beard long, and covering his face. I called Bro. Doty to me at the platform and told him to take Bishop Marvin to the barber-shop and clothing store, and have him in order for the ordination next day."

The preacher who was to take charge of Marvin bought

him a new suit of clothes, but he could not get him to the barber-shop. One of those who was present at his ordination has this memory.

"How gladly would he have been excused. Yet he who had consecrated all to Christ, gave himself in this also, and was blessed. I stood over him, in the Carondelet Street Pulpit, when he was solemnly ordained and the three who were with him, and had fellowship in their deep emotions. I had, as the French say, 'assisted' at twelve previous General Conferences, in the consecration of ten other bishops; but had deeper feelings at this than on those occasions. My heart clave to all, but especially to Marvin."

In his episcopal administration he was ever a defender of the southern view. One of the greatest statements he ever wrote outlines his position:

"Certain leaders of the Northern party, in 1844, affirmed the doctrine that bishops were only officers of the General Conference, the same as book agents and editors, and might be appointed and removed at will, for any cause. These were the mere creatures of the Conference, which might do what it pleased with them, and as it pleased. On this ground it was maintained that Bishop Andrew might be deposed without any form of trial, for any reason, no matter what, and in the most summary way.

"Against these propositions the minority took issue. They asserted that so far from Bishops being creatures of the General Conference, their office originated before there was any General Conference. Mr. Wesley was, in the providence of God, the Bishop of all the Methodist Societies in the world; that is, he was their Superintendent, for that is what a Methodist Bishop is. In fact, Mr. Wesley preferred that title. He designated Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury for this office in America. Dr. Coke he ordained in England, and authorized him, on his arrival in America, to ordain Mr. Asbury. Mr. Asbury, indeed, submitted his case to his brethren in Con-

ference, and was not ordained until they had approved his designation.

"Thus the history of the office shows it not to be the creature of the General Conference at all, but to have sprung from another source. The written law makes it a part of the very organism of the Church. Its existence and functions are guarded with great jealousy by the Restrictive Rules. Both by the written law and by uniform usage it is a fundamental, organic part of the Church. The bishops, then, are not mere officers of the General Conference, but a coordinate branch of the government with the Conference. They are at the head of the executive department of the Church. The functions of their office, as defined by law, clearly show this to be the case.

"The fact of their solemn ordination, together with the character of the vows required of them, is inconsistent with the hypothesis that they are mere officers, removable at will. You cannot think of a Book Agent or Missionary Secretary being ordained with such forms, or put under such vows, as a condition of entering on his office.

"That the tenure of their office is not the mere will of the General Conference, is further evident from the fact that a form of trial of bishops is a part of the statutory law of the Church. They can be deposed only under form of trial, upon being found guilty of some act adjudged to be sufficient to disqualify them for their high office.

"The Bishops are at the head of the executive administration of the Church; but they are not mere administrative officers. They have a pastoral function, the care of all the Churches. They are to promote, by all rightful means, the peace, purity, and growth of the Church. In the Annual Conferences they are not mere presiding officers, with power to station the preachers; they are also pastors, whose duty it is to promote all the interests of religion according to the wisdom that is in them. Their executive authority is great. In them are lodged the tremendous forces which are to keep

the vast itinerant machinery in play. The organ of such forces must be well placed. It cannot be efficient as a side attachment. It must be at the heart of the organization, and fixed upon a stable foundation. Doubtless its powers must be duly limited, and regulated, too, as they are by the laws of the Church."

As a bishop, Marvin served in Texas, and on the Pacific Coast. He held Conferences in the deep south and along the Atlantic Seaboard. His episcopal residence was in the city of St. Louis, but he held the Missouri Conferences only two years. While he did not live within the area he served, he frequently spent months in the territory of his Conferences, being absent from home some times half of the year. Frequently he was called on to speak at special services. Though he never had the privilege of a college education he spoke often at college and university commencements. He was peculiarly the Bishop of the West. During his administration the Los Angeles Conference was added to the list of Methodist Conferences. In his visits to the west he went to every place where Methodism was established and succeeded in establishing it in places where it had not been known. Under him served such pioneers of Methodism in the Northwest as L. B. Stateler and E. J. Stanley. One of the great chapters in the history of Methodism on the Pacific Coast was that written by E. M. Marvin. In his resident city of St. Louis he was called upon to take a stand soon after the war. Some extremists were advocating that all southern churches should be taken over by northern churches, since they and their ministers had not been loyal to the federal government. An order was actually issued by a member of the President's Cabinet which gave certain bishops of the northern section of the Church the authority to take over southern churches and pulpits. When President Lincoln learned what was happening he countermanded the order with a statement, "The government is not running the churches." Bishop Marvin was a leader in the movement

to restrain the northern extremists. Both during the years of his war service and during the years of reconstruction he feared that he might be arrested.

In his episcopal administration he was one of the most brotherly of men. His appointments gave satisfaction, but it was his conference preaching in which he made the deepest impression. It was dignified but not dull, impassioned but not extravagant, impressive without being sanctimonious. On the eve of his leaving for China he preached a sermon at Marvin Camp Ground in St. Louis County on, "The Lord Is My Rock." One who was present had sketched something of the sermon and its effect:

"The work of Christ was illustrated by the Rock as a source of supply of water in a desert land. The smitten rock in the wilderness was Christ's pierced hands and feet and the rent in his side. The perennial fountain always comes from the deepest fissure in the Rock.

"In the simile of the Rock as a shelter—'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land'—he related an incident of his travel in illustration. He had taken refuge from an impending storm under the overhanging rock in the side of a high cliff. Presently he observed a moth escaping from the wind and entering the same retreat—'a covert from the storm and a hiding-place from the tempest.' It is a weary land. There is trouble and sorrow. But Christ is our Rock.

"After going through the main analysis of his discourse, he was apparently closing. He rejoiced in the security given by the rock—Christ, dwelling on thoughts like these: 'When the universe is dissolved, and worlds are dashing against each other, then the Lord, my Rock, keeps me safe from harm.' 'And in the debris of ruined worlds God will search me out and bring me home if he has to leave you a thousand years in Heaven to find me.' After some minutes of speaking in this style he paused, and, as I thought, had closed. He repeated the lines, 'Rock of ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee,' which I supposed was intended

to be sung, but the very utterance of the words inspired him with such fervor and eloquence as I think I have never heard. He began to walk the pulpit, saying: 'Yes—

" 'Rock of ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee';
When I look into my own heart and see its corruption—
When my sins rise up before me and threaten to destroy me—
Then, oh, then, 'Rock of ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee';
When friends and kindred are taken from me and grief overwhelms me,
Then, 'Rock of ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee';
And when my own hour comes and loved ones weep around me,
And gazing fondly on me, they pass from my failing sight,
And when I know that in five minutes I must stand before my Creator—
Then, oh, then, 'Rock of ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee.' "

He was never too busy to minister to those in need. Those in distress he visited and to them he wrote if he could not get a chance to see them. In his Diary are records of numerous visits. On his trip around the world he stopped again and again to see someone who was ill.

So close was he to people that he has more namesakes in the middle west than any other person unless it be George Washington. Typical entries in his Diary are these:

"Tuesday, March 11, 1869.—Visited Mother Bradfield, who is nigh unto death. This is a shock of ripe corn.

Sunday, March 16, 1869.—Good prayer-meeting in the afternoon. Visited Sister Centers; sick; a dear, good woman.

June, 1870.—A Mother in Israel, sick at her home on the road-side, is visited. We converse with her, sing and pray; and resuming our seats in the carriage, we reach Lexington (Va.) just after sunset.

June, 1871.—On Monday I visited Richmond, (Mo.) and preached at night. Here I found my old-time friend, David Quesenbury, with his wife and daughter. Twenty-eight years ago I was with them in a time of bitter trial, since which

I have ever felt an affection for them unusually tender. They have had sore bereavements and trials of late years, but their hope is still in God. Brother Newland I found laid aside for the present, from a sprained ankle."

One of the notable services of Bishop Marvin to Missouri Methodism was his work for St. Charles College and Central College. When St. Charles College after the war passed into the hands of northern sympathizers, Marvin gave his time and attention to Central College. The school was in ruins and a strong man was needed at its head. The great Virginia educator, Dr. W. A. Smith, was desired as the head of the school, but he declined several times. He did come to Missouri as pastor of Centenary Church and Bishop Marvin was able to persuade him to take the presidency of the College. These two men with Dr. J. C. Wills put the school on a permanent basis. This is what he had to say in the appeal to the Methodists of Missouri:

"This College, as we verily believe, is just entering upon a new era of success. The history of the last three years and the present organization give assurance of the future. I trust the endowment fund subscribed will be soon paid up. It is very desirable that the money should be collected and invested, so that the expense of collecting the interest of scattered bonds may be avoided.

"And now, beloved friends and brethren of the Church in Missouri, let not the endowment stop at $100,000. Let us set in good earnest to double this amount. I hope to live (if it be God's will to spare me) to see it swelled to $500,000. With the multiplying resources of our State, and its rapidly increasing population, this is not an extravagant expectation. It can be done. It must be done in time, and the sooner the better.

"Already several young men are going out from this College into the Conferences. Let us make it a great institution, the heart of a system of godly influences, whose throbs shall

send pulses of life for coming centuries throughout the entire extent of the Mississippi Valley.

"Amid the effervescence of thought, the loosening of old foundations, the uproar of new ideas, the portent of social upheavals and demolitions, that even now jar the ground like premonitions of a world-engulfing earthquake, we owe it to God and His Word which we have in custody for the future to equip this seat of learning for puissant participation in the conflict. If we play a puny or pusillanimous part now, Evil or Error will vanquish the coming generation and bind our children in chains of death.

"Let every man that loves God and Truth and souls consecrate of his substance to the endowment of this College. Let the rich give large sums of money. If this is not at command, let them give real estate. And not the rich only. Let every poor man give one dollar, or two, or five, or ten, or twenty, or forty, or fifty, as he may be able. Give it to God and Posterity. Give it with prayer. Give it in faith. And may the Father of lights prosper our honest purpose."

Bishop Marvin was so well known over the whole church that he was cordially invited to make his home in Baltimore. The Methodists of the Atlantic coast wanted the same kind of vigorous leadership which he had shown in the west. Everywhere he was known as one devoted to his friends, kind toward strangers, tolerant toward those who differed with him. He was never hesitant about crossing swords with a leader in the opposition, but he was never resentful toward his enemies. As a gift of nature, he had personal magnetism and in his preaching he moved congregations as few men have been able to do.

At the General Conference in 1874 the following action was taken:

"Resolved, That a Bishop who may visit the Pacific Conference during the next quadrennium, if deemed advisable by the College of Bishops, also visit our missions in China,

and ordain any native preachers who may be recommended by our missionaries in the field."

Since Bishop Marvin was in charge of the work on the Pacific coast at the time he undertook the visit to China and thus became one of the first Methodist preachers to travel around the world. He was accompanied on the long trip by Rev. Eugene R. Hendrix. Going to the Orient and visiting the missions there he returned home by way of India, the Red Sea and Europe. Everywhere he left the impress of his life and zeal. It was an inspiring trip, but an exhausting one. Whether the trip was responsible for the weakening of his constitution, it is impossible to say. He was never a robust man and during his life he had more than one serious illness. On his return he threw himself into the work of the church at home.

One of his significant services was leading in the organization of St. John's Methodist Church. He was active in the promoting of the semi-centenary of St. Louis Methodism. These services he rendered before his trip around the world. On his return he aided not only St. John's, but each of the other churches in St. Louis. On his last Sunday he preached in the morning at Centenary Church and in the afternoon dedicated the new church at Kirkwood. His last conference had been held at Independence, Missouri, in October. It was the Southwest Missouri Conference. It was the last of five Conferences held in five successive weeks. He died November 26, 1877. His funeral was conducted at Centenary Church on Thanksgiving Day, a day when he had been scheduled to preach the Thanksgiving sermon for the Methodist Churches.

He was buried in Bellefontaine Cemetery. Under the leadership of the Presiding Elder, Dr. Joseph W. Lewis, a sum of money was raised to purchase a home for Mrs. Marvin and to erect in the cemetery a very imposing monument. The address at the dedication of the monument was made by Bishop David S. Doggett of Virginia and the sermon at

the time of his funeral was preached by Bishop H. N. McTyeire of Nashville. He had his wish since he had longed to die in the rush of victorious battle. In the last Communion Service which he had after a visit to his brother's grave, he held in his hands the elements for consecration and in a kind of rapture with eyes uplifted and arms stretched forth he said, "OH, THE MANSIONS! THE MANSIONS! THEY APPEAR IN SIGHT!"

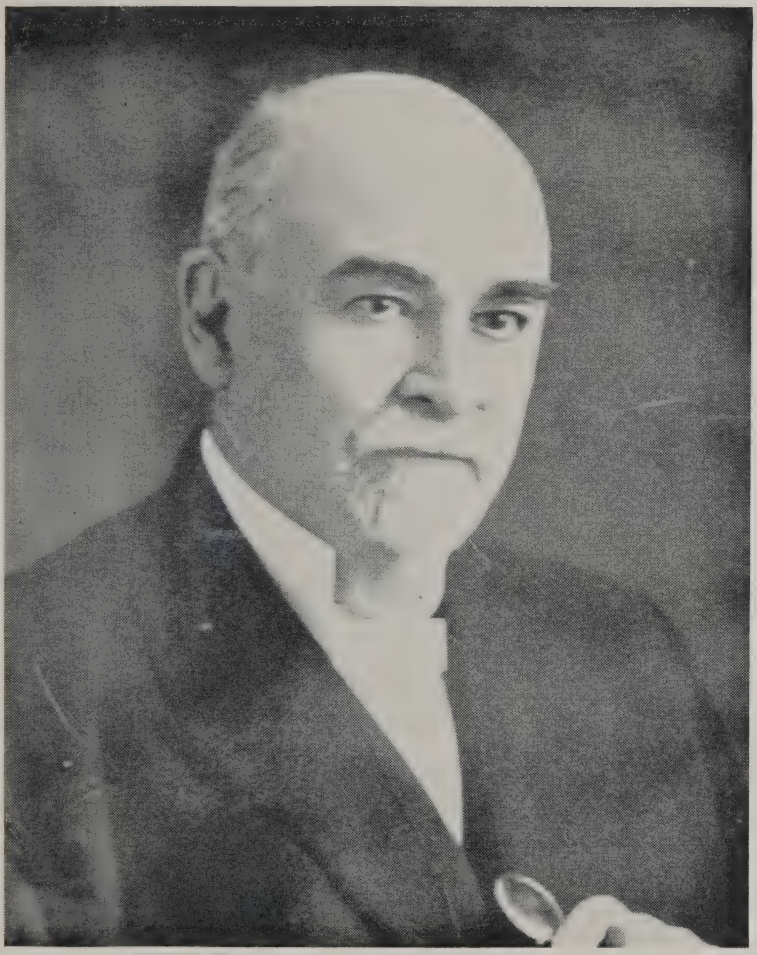
Chapter III

THE greatest forces known to the world are clear thought, intense feeling and determined will. They found embodiment in Eugene Russell Hendrix, who was born in the town of Fayette, Missouri, May 17, 1847. The background of his life is the settlement of the West by the heroic pioneers who crossed mountains and plains as they journeyed from their homes on the Atlantic Seaboard. No more inspiring story has ever been written than that of the explorers for whom "something was lost behind the hedges," something which they must find.

In the life of Eugene Russell Hendrix there are many inspiring services, but they seem to be the outgrowth of experiences in the family life of New Oxford, Pennsylvania, Fayette, Missouri, and Kansas City, Missouri. On revisiting Tintern Abbey, Wordsworth looked on scenes that had become a part of his life, that had been translated into "nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." What scenes come to view as one examines the influences on the life of Eugene Russell Hendrix!

His father as a country schoolteacher in Maryland refuses to trade at the store of the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, will not vote the Whig ticket, cannot wear a long face as he goes to church! The urge to go West drives him on to Missouri, and changes him from a teacher to a developer of the economic resources of the new community. He never loses his interest in education, aids in the founding of Central College, and sends his own children to the best schools he can find in the nation. The honesty, the lack of cant, the constructive ability, the thirst for knowledge of that father find a full expression in the life of the son.

His mother has the pioneer spirit, is willing to endure



Bishop Eugene Russell Hendrix

the hardships of the long trip from Maryland to Missouri, enters into the life of the primitive community, shares the fortunes of her neighbors, trusts God to guide her, and prays always for her husband and children. Her courage, her sympathy, her religious convictions, her lack of fear as she faced the future in God's world are reflected in the career of her son.

His wife came from a family of equally courageous pioneers, who were most grateful for the privileges of religion in their new home in the West, whose father carried on the family tradition of interest in the economic, educational and religious improvement of every community he touched. Knowing the privilege of making a home for her family, she surrounded them with an atmosphere of love, and sacrifice, and unselfishness. That atmosphere she kept about her husband when he was absent in distant places, and on important missions, by a series of letters, remarkable for their devotion and consecration to life's more serious responsibilities. Her husband was a lovely guest in any home because he had learned the meaning of a home from a wife who knew, and more than one manifestation of love for others in the human world was a passing on of an influence in his own home. One who knew him from the days of her girlhood was impressed with his love for children and recalled that as his hand rested on the head of any child ears were always in his his eyes. "Now the first thing I did yesterday morning was to buy me a bouquet of sweet peas for my room, such as my invisible wife would enjoy."

As a boy of seventeen he was sent by his father to the most progressive of the Methodist institutions of learning; there was no southern college to which he could go. Fortunately he kept a diary of those student days and we have a full record of his experiences there. His reflections, written at the close of each day, give us glimpses of happenings at Wesleyan and in the nation, and reveal the ambitions,

attitudes and aspirations of a growing student in those days of the War Between the States.

Saturday, March 25, 1865—Arose at 6:30 A.M. Spent the morning in exercise and reading. In the afternoon was engaged in study and conversation, likewise the evening. Felt anxious to hear from home but did not. Can commit absent ones to a Father's care and prepare myself for the Sabbath. Retiring at 10 P.M.

Monday, April 15, 1865—Arose at 6:30 A.M. Spent the morning in reading Irving's Works, and study. At 12 the bells announced the capture of Richmond. The cannons' roar confirms the dispatches.

Saturday, April 20, 1865—Dr. Cummings announced with great effect the assassination of President Lincoln. The confirmation of the report caused a number of flags to appear at half mast and the bells to toll for two hours.

Monday, April 22, 1865—Arose at 5:30 A.M. Tolerable recitation in Greek and perfect one in mathematics. Received letter from Pa in afternoon expressing his view about my entering the ministry; Favorably inclined. Gives me the advise of an affectionate parent. Hope to go forth into the world to do good. Strive for preparation here in college.

On July 18, 1867, the class of '67 graduated and the student days at Wesleyan ended. Eugene was twenty years old, having entered at the early age of seventeen. He seems more mature than his years as one reads the pages of his diary. The college student of today would feel little kinship with him. His experiences lie beyond the life of modern youth, but there are some attitudes of mind and soul easily comprehensible and worthy of emulation.

Following his graduation from Wesleyan University, Eugene went to Union Theological Seminary in New York and graduated there in 1869.

The seminary experience and the life in New York furnished the young minister with a wealth of knowledge and human contacts. Constantly he was preaching and testing

on Sunday his technique of sermon preparation as well as his knowledge and convictions. It is so easy in a college or theological seminary to be theoretical; one's ideas and views need to face up to life's realities as they must in the pulpit and in the ministry to human need. It might be a good thing if theological professors were permitted to teach only a few years and then required to take pastorates for a few years before resuming their teaching. At any rate Eugene Russell Hendrix knew wholesome and friendly associations every day, faced human need and sorrow every Sunday as he preached, and these were as vital a part of his seminary training as the lectures to which he listened in the classroom. A sane, broad-minded, consecrated, well prepared young minister returned from the East to his home in the South, and was ready for service.

The ministry of Eugene Russell Hendrix was ever a ministry of reconciliation. He began his first pastorate in Leavenworth, Kansas, by preaching Sunday morning, June 27, 1869, from a text in Galatians 6:14, "Let God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." There had been bitter feeling between the southern sympathizers in Missouri and the abolitionists of Kansas long before the days of the War Between the States. During the days of the war the border states knew the strife of neighbor against neighbor, and the consecration of Eugene Russell Hendrix to his ministry of reconciliation is shown in his taking the pastorate of a Southern Methodist Church in Leavenworth, Kansas. He served there from June, 1869, until the session of the Missouri Conference in the month of September, 1870. At that Conference he was assigned to Macon, Missouri, as pastor.

There is no daily record of the ministry in Macon. The diary is a record of Sundays only, and it is a part of a pastor's record book. Here are the names of the trustees, the names of the stewards, the list of subscribers to the Christian Advocate, the record of baptisms, marriages, and deaths,

the list of probationers, members of the church, and friends of the church in the community.

To St. Joseph Eugene R. Hendrix went in the fall of 1872, and he found himself pastor of one of the best churches in the denomination. He began his ministry on Sunday, September 29, 1872, by preaching from the text in Galatians 6:14, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord, Jesus Christ." The closing sermon of this pastorate was preached on September 10, 1876, from the text in John 6:35, "I am the bread of life." After that last Sunday is this comment in the pastor's record book: "Four years of pleasant ministry with as noble a people as a pastor ever served. Thank God the ministry was not a fruitless one."

The pastoral service of Eugene R. Hendrix was two years in Leavenworth, Kansas, two years in Macon, four years in Francis Street Church in St. Joseph, and one year in Glasgow. The nine years' period reveals no unusual or startling statistics of gains; no new churches were built and there were not more than 500 additions to the churches. But there was this evidence of faithfulness, consecration and success, not an interest of the church was overlooked. There was progress in every department. There were increased contributions to benevolences. There was a busy program for each group in the church. There was a deepening of interest in home religion and a building up of individuals in Christ. The administration of the church was so able as to be an inspiration to any modern minister who studies the record. Two tasks were supreme, the ministry of the pulpit on Sunday and pastoral ministry in the homes during the week. Both were influential because the pastor found time always for his own devotions and study. First things came first and there was no crowding of them by a multiplicity of details. He was the prophet and seer on Sunday; he was a shepherd of souls every day. He did a great amount of work and yet found time for each task that was worth his effort. Because

of the fellowship with God, real and vital to him, he never forgot the "blooming almond tree," and preaching never lost its romance.

After one year at Glasgow, Dr. Hendrix went on a trip around the world and assumed the Presidency of Central College in 1878.

No one familiar with the history of Central College can deny that President Hendrix saved the institution at a critical time and made it. Not only did he interest men of wealth like Mr. Barnes in St. Louis, and Mr. Hoagland in St. Joseph, but from many small contributors he secured funds for building an endowment which established the College. Even more significant than his strengthening of the College's financial position was his insistence on sound learning.

Travel enlarges a man's world and it did that for Eugene R. Hendrix. He lived in a large world. He could see city and state and nation and world in proper perspective. He was loyal to his church and no leader ever supported the denominational program and interests more faithfully. But he never lost sight of the fact that the Christian Church is larger and of more value to the world than any unit of it. Above all, his loyalty of loyalties was a devotion to his Lord. His Lord must increase even if in that increase the church should decrease. He lived in God's world, and the world for him must be the world as God made it. Frederick F. Shannon has a lovely interpretation of truth when he says that in the Galilee of Jesus a bird was more than a bird, a flower was more than a flower, and rain was more than rain. A bird would not fall to the ground without the Father's notice, and flowers revealed the beauty and goodness of God, and rain fell on the just and the unjust. So the world was God's world, and the church Christ's church for Eugene R. Hendrix. The exaltation of Christ was a favorite theme and the incarnation a continuous subject of study; so the church must be thought of as Christ's body, a spiritual

agency for a spiritual ministry! He said once: "Methodism is the least part of the great religious movement of the 18th century under the Wesleys." We live in a world of neighbor states, and every individual must be a world citizen. It was not so before the World Wars, and the man who came to such citizenship made a place for himself by pushing back the horizons. When the horizon is pushed back for every one no one is recognized as a conspicuous leader who is not a citizen of the world, and one wonders how the world could have seemed so large and lands beyond the seas so far away.

It was in 1886 that Eugene Russell Hendrix was elected Bishop and he served in that office for 32 years.

He ordained to the ministry of the church more than 1,600 candidates and dedicated 287 churches. Through the years of his episcopacy he kept a record of the places at which he preached and the texts used. There is a record of 2,696 sermons, or about 75 each year of the thirty-six years of his episcopacy. This means that his average was more than a sermon a week. During the last four years he preached only 104 times, or an average of a sermon every two weeks. For the first thirty-two years of his episcopacy the average number of sermons a year is thus found to be 81.

After his election Bishop Hendrix put forth every effort to carry the Christian message to the world. He was in charge, at different times, of the mission conferences in the Orient, in Mexico, and in Brazil. His supervision was more than a visit to the countries. His letters to missionaries on the field after his return home indicate how effectively he handled all the problems faced. When Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Parker were sent to the Anglo-Chinese College in Shanghai he wrote to Mrs. Parker, September 30, 1898: "Shanghai gathers strangers from Japan, Korea and all the twenty provinces of China. Why may we not reach many of these in an institution which has cost the church so much money? A practical educator could solve the problem provided he

understood the genius of the Chinese people. Men who have been successful in America were beyond the language learning period and were apt to make serious blunders in seeking to conform everything to American models—I ventured to cast myself on your high sense of devotion to God and His church, and ask you in the spirit of self-sacrifice to undertake this great work."

Under date of July 4, 1913, is this entry in the diary: "Returned from Waynesville Assembly where I raised $151,200 for missions, besides interesting many volunteers for mission work and the laymen's movement came into its own. New Orleans in 1901 recalled and surpassed." This was probably the climax of the Bishop's service to the cause of missions in the home church.

On November 5, 1914, Bishop Hendrix dedicated Barnes Hospital in St. Louis. There was a crowd that overflowed the spacious lobby of the new building, erected twenty-two years after the bequest of Mr. Robert A. Barnes.

The Protestant Church can never maintain a hospital without large endowment and that the Trustees of Barnes Hospital knew. As this hospital ministers to sick and injured persons the statement is sometimes made, "Barnes Hospital is getting away from the church." Why could the Methodist Church do with it that it does not do when the church administers it for sick and injured persons? Bishop Hendrix had sense as well as sentiment when he approved the agreement under which Barnes Hospital operates. His friendship with Mr. Barnes was largely responsible for this gift to the Methodist Church.

In the long history of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, no controversy has aroused such bitterness as the Vanderbilt controversy. In one form or another, it came before the General Conferences of 1898, 1906, 1910, and 1914. From 1905 to 1914 is was the major issue before the Church, and we may be still too close to it to see in proper perspective the men and the measures involved, to evaluate

properly its influence on the church, the university, and the cause of education. Among those engaged in that controversy none was more conspicuous, and none played a more difficult role than Bishop Eugene R. Hendrix. Never was he criticized more severely and never was he praised more highly.

With the death of Bishop Galloway in 1909 Bishop Hendrix became the Chairman of the Board of Trust of Vanderbilt University. Chancellor Kirkland wrote him on November 2, 1909, in the heat of the controversy: "You are at liberty to say that I repudiate definitely and emphatically the attempt of Bishop Hoss to set forth my views or he misrepresents them—Bishop Hoss makes the positive statement that our first movement in the matter of amending the charter was with the intention of 'eliminating every semblance of the church's authority over the University.' "

It was the hope of Bishop Hendrix, until the suit was filed, that he could bring about a solution of the problems. Anxious for the church to keep Vanderbilt, and anxious for Vanderbilt to sustain that relationship to the church which it had long enjoyed, it was his conviction that controversy had blinded judgment. But the years of 1909 and 1910 were not a period for judicial weighing of opinions. In a letter to Bishop Hendrix Chancellor Kirkland had written in 1906: "The relation of the University to the church grows out of the whole history of the movement that brought the University into being. The relation of Vanderbilt to the General Conference is one that was established by general agreement in 1898. The relation of the University to the Church is a much wider question than the relation of the University to the Conference. . . . The Board of Trustees has been the interpreter of this relationship and has endeavored to make the University serve the interests of the church in the best posisble way." Such was the view of Bishop Hendrix. Had the Vanderbilt controversy come in 1930 instead of 1905-1914 it would have had a different issue.

There are those who hope the Methodist Church can yet rectify the mistake it made in 1910 and 1914. Whether, even for the sake of history and attitude, we can ever recall what was done, time will continue to lift Eugene Hendrix into a more and more exalted position of leadership. Forgetting the personal bitterness, and refraining from criticisms of those who fought and opposed him, it is surely a fact that Bishop Hendrix seems to those who look back twenty-five years a wiser leader than he seemed to some of his contemporaries. Would that the Church had followed Galloway and Hendrix in those distressing days!

After his return from the General Conference at Oklahoma City in 1914 Bishop Hendrix made this entry in his diary under the date of May 25, 1914: "Somewhat stormy session over the Vanderbilt case, but hope for quiet and harmony—Several of my colleagues now share my views after four years of loneliness, while scores of delegates believe my position from the beginning to have been the only correct one. Have tried the work of a peacemaker, and hope to know its beatitudes."

Bishop Hendrix was ever a leader in the movement for church union. In any plan for church union the obstacles are frequently psychological and sociological; they are not in the field of polity or theology. Methodist Protestants had come to a sense of freedom in their local congregations and had grown used to the authority of congregational meetings. The laymen had a very influential role in church affairs. In that church there was a real fear of authoritorian influence of bishops and district superintendents. In sections of the North there was a theoretical attitude toward race relations which was impatient of what was considered a reactionary attitude in the South; whereas, in the South there was a fear that those in the North might act as they were saying Christians should act in dealing with race problems. Then there had been an identification of the church's cause with the nation's cause in the War Between the States and

in the post-war struggles. The American flag was waved too often in church services to suit Southern sentiment, and there was a feeling that the church in the North was too politically minded. A noted northern divine had been quoted in the South as saying that John Brown deserved a place in Christian tradition with the Apostle Paul. On the other hand, there were many in the North who felt that the Southern influence would retard the liberal movement in theology as it might very well hinder the preaching of the social gospel and render of little effect the great pronouncements of the Social Creed of the Churches, the creation of leaders in the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was this undercurrent of feeling that for so long kept the Churches apart, as such undercurrent does in any discussion of church union. The hurdles which appear are not the real hurdles.

As one takes into consideration the strong manifestations of emotion in the period between 1914 and 1939 he can understand the resentment against Bishop Hendrix in the South when in 1916 at Saratoga Springs he took the hand of Bishop Cranston and indicated that the Southern Church was ready for union. On every hand in the South questions were raised. What right had Bishop Hendrix to speak for the whole Southern Church? Did he not know that many people in the South were opposed to union? Was he not aware of the fact that the last preceding session of his General Conference had said that union was possible only on certain lines? Was not Bishop Hendrix always inclined to take too much for granted, and was he not dramatizing too realistically his own liberal attitude? As these questions were raised Bishop Hendrix was more severely criticized than for anything he ever did save when he took a position against his colleages in the episcopacy in the Vanderbilt issue. As we look back on this historic moment at Saratoga Springs we may reevaluate in the South our judgment on the action of Bishop Hendrix. He was ahead of his church, and he was giving prophetic leadership.

Those of us who have lived through the days of the Uniting Conference of 1939 are so impressed by its drama and significance as to forget history. We may go back beyond the days when Edwin D. Mouzon gave leadership to the same cause. But we either do not know or we have forgotten the service of Eugene R. Hendrix, and years before him of Lovick R. Pierce. It is amazing that Bishop Hendrix had leadership in so many fields. A pioneer in church educational efforts he served at Central College and on the Board of Trust of Vanderbilt University; making a trip around the world with Bishop Marvin he acquired that knowledge of missions which made him a missionary statesman in his administration of Methodist Missions in the Orient and South America; in the field of church cooperation he was a leader and he was the inevitable choice as the first President of the Federal Council; in the uniting of the Methodist Churches he was a prophetic leader when the triumvirate was T. H. Lewis, Earl Cranston and Eugene Hendrix. It is surely true that in the long history of Southern Methodism no man gave evidences of more conspicuous ability and wiser leadership in so many fields of endeavor. When the full story of the unification of American Methodism is written, the name of Eugene Russell Hendrix will appear again and again. For fifty years he was at the heart of the movement, sometimes seeking cooperation as a pastor in a local community with bitter antagonisms, and sometimes as the advocate of union before large audiences in every part of the country, and sometimes as a witness to the necessity of a deeper fellowship among the churches in the building of a stronger nation. Always and at all times he refused to be a sectarian or a sectionalist. While loving both the South and the Southern Church he was ever at home in the larger church. While he was surrounded all through his ministry by many who were Methodists of the North and Methodists of the South, he was always at heart an American Methodist.

In 1908 Bishop Hendrix became the first President of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.

In discussing the attitude of the Federal Council toward the union of churches Bishop Hendrix said in an address: "Organic union of the churches is not the province of the Federal Council, although organic union will follow between some of the same name or polity. Nor on the other hand is it the province of the Council to disintegrate any body of believers, large or small. All these matters are left to the several churches. Our gospel is not like that of John the Baptist, the gospel of the axe, but like that of our Lord, the gospel of the leaven. It makes much of the 'time spirit.' It is the gospel of love and of spiritual fellowship, not of outward forms of worship or of ecclesiastical machinery. There is no attempt to define the church any more than to appraise any church save on the basis of its works. The mark of a true church is that it makes saints and vine-branches. As a wise and devout leader in the Protestant Episcopal Church said: 'It is not what we think of our churches whose zeal and good works far outrun our own that is of moment, but what do those churches think of us who pretend so much and who produce so little.' The value of a church is best measured by estimating what we would do without it. . . . A church may be spared as no longer needed that makes loud claims but lacks Christ's spirit, that clamors for more territory but neglects what it already has, that embarrasses its fellow workers by over-lapping and so creating waste and confusion in any community. It may even die 'by request' and unwept. The ability to live together in the same community is a good test of civilized men and also of the Churches of Christ, and is one of the best fruits of our holy religion. Neighborliness is a good thing in men and in churches."

In any group Eugene Russell Hendrix stood out. He had a commanding presence and the story was often told of the Negro porter on a Pullman car who kept addressing him

as "Colonel" until the Bishop said to him, "I am not a colonel." Then the porter called him "Judge" until the Bishop said, "I am not a judge either; I am a Bishop in the Methodist Church." The porter quickly said, "Well, I knew you were the head of whatever you are in." Above the average height and weight he carried himself with dignity and a bearing that indicated leadership. His head was large and well shaped; his eyes were keen and sparkling when he was interested; and the neatly trimmed Van Dyke beard gave him an impressiveness of countenance no man could ever forget. One recognized him as a man of intelligence, and his wide experience, added to his intelligence, made him a delightful conversationalist. His table talk in the dining room, or his conversation in the drawing room made him a welcome guest in any home. Many times have I heard people say, "I remember that Bishop Hendrix was once in our home. He is my ideal of what a bishop should be." Even children in a home would remember his visit after they grew to maturity, because he knew how to talk with them. A son of a minister recalls his words to him, "I was only ten years old when he was a guest in our home, but I remember the words he spoke to me as he put his hand on my head when he was leaving." No one who had known any close contact with him ever forgot him, and I wish it were possible for me to make him live for those people who never knew him.

After his retirement it was my privilege to visit Bishop Hendrix several times in his home. It was not easy for him to accept retirement after more than a generation of activity in the Episcopacy. He missed his associations with ministers and the laymen at the Annual Conferences, and was anxious to serve his Church in every way possible. A bit impatient and restless he was kindlier through the experiences of the years. With a heart mellowed through years of human contact he seemed gentler than I had ever known him. He was wishing that he could talk with anyone who had a feeling

of being hurt and wronged, and often said as I left, "Tell my brethren of my love for them and my interest in all their work." He was pleased to be with the family again because there had been long periods of absence through the years. Loving his home and his family he had come back to spend his last years with them. They realized his happiness to be among them but they knew too well that he had too long been a part of the great world outside to be perfectly content. He was where he wanted to be, but sometimes he would sit and would look through the windows of his home, watching go by a world of which he had long been an important part. It seemed to me in those last visits with him as if he could not live long in retirement, and I often saw tears in his eyes as he talked of his church and his long years of service. I could look into the windows of his soul as I had many times looked into the windows of his mind. One of the regrets of my life is that an automobile in which I was riding to Kansas City for his funeral broke down, and it was impossible for me to be with his family and pay my tribute to a great bishop whose ability I admired and whose friendship I treasured. Such is the record of some of the revealing contacts I had with him, contacts through which I came to know the man. One of the tragedies of high office in the church, as in the state, is that it makes it impossible for all who work with a leader to know him as a human being and a man. I thank God I came to know this leader.

Among his colleagues in the Episcopacy none knew him better than Bishop Charles B. Galloway. It is difficult to select the letter which ought to be quoted from the numerous ones written by the eloquent Mississippi Bishop to his friend, but here is a paragraph in one letter: "But for you there is a place apart in my heart. More and more during twenty years I have enthroned you in my affections as one of the dearest and truest friends of my life. We seem to be near to each other in our tastes and views and life purposes."

There are several letters among his papers from the able leader of Southern Methodist women, Miss Belle Bennett, and I quote from two of them. The first is dated in 1906: "You have done more to encourage and develop the growth of the Woman's Society than all of the other members of the College of Bishops. The women know and appreciate this. Personally, your Christian attitude as well as your sympathy, advice and brotherly kindness have meant more to me than I can tell you." The other letter from Miss Bennett is dated in 1909: "Out of the years of acquaintance and friendship with you I have learned to prize your Christian judgment, wise counsel, and ever enlarging vision of the world's need, and how to get it."

He was very liberal in his attitudes and in his theology, but he was never shallow in his thinking. That is the reason why he was so rarely criticized for his opinions or accused of heresy. It is only fair to acknowledge that many preachers of his church raised questions about his theological positions, as expressed in his books or in articles printed in theological reviews, but there were very rarely any attacks on his liberalism. The reason obviously was that there was no question about the depth of his religious experience or of the fundamental soundness of his faith. He was a generation ahead of most ministers of his church in his interpretations, but no one was inclined to question him because it was felt that he was one who had come to his convictions after study and thought, and after years of intimate fellowship with his Lord. It has always been surprising to me that, while he was criticized because of his position in the Vanderbilt controversy or because of his interest in unification or because of some progressive policy in church administration, he was so rarely challenged for his theological views. In addition to the reasons given above I wonder if there was not a compelling influence of his own personality which gave to his words the impressiveness of authority. He was too formidable an opponent to challenge.

He was too human to claim perfection and he never anticipated canonization as a saint. After listening one night to a very earnest preacher who made claims to the attainment of perfection in this life a very wise old superannuate said to me: "I have known and heard many preachers in my time. It is my experience that a real desire for perfection frequently makes a man a saint, but a profession of having attained it usually makes him a Pharisee." Lord Tweedsmuir, formerly Governor-General of Canada, once wrote: "We are condemned to fumble in these times for the mist is too thick to see far down the road. But in all our uncertainty we can have Cromwell's hope. To be a Seeker is to be of the best sect next to a Finder, and such an one shall ever faithful humble Seeker be at the end." So I would transcribe a sentence of Henry Adams: "After all, man knows mighty little, and may some day learn enough of his own ignorance to fall down and pray! Dogmatism gives place to questioning, and questioning in the end to prayer." These words perfectly express the intellectual and spiritual outlook of Bishop Hendrix. He knew too much to be dogmatic in any insistent way; his questioning led to prayer. He belonged to the group of the Seekers, of those called to be saints.

Great as is my admiration of the man and the bishop I am aware of the fact that he was not at home on every platform and with all types of people. He could speak to a group on a college campus and few ministers of his day did more of that. He was urged to take the presidency of a state university and the chancellorship of another, and among his honorary degrees were two from two of the largest of state universities; he knew the language of the campus. He could not so easily preach to a mass meeting of humbler or less informed people. He was impressive as a preacher in a church and was a master of pulpit eloquence in the pulpit of a cathedral. He could not so easily preach to a crowd on a street corner or in a public park. He had the consecration

and zeal for going to those who were down and out and he used to go to missions for prayer services during his college days; but neither his language nor his presence would make him a popular preacher for the masses. There were preachers of his day who could speak to the masses and who were not at home in the college chapel or in the cathedral pulpit. It is the desire of every true minister of the gospel to be "all things to all men," but most preachers have the ability to reach some classes more effectively than they reach others —perhaps that is true of all of them. At any rate it is the glory of our Methodist pulpit that it is not typed. We have many types to reach many groups, and Eugene R. Hendrix was one type. There is no question in the world but that many Methodists of his day would have found it quite impossible to understand him; for them he was of a different class and "belonged to the purple" with little understanding of the masses. In that they were partly mistaken. While he could not speak to them so convincingly as some, his deep concern for the masses of people in his own land, in mission lands and around the world, is apparent in many of his appeals to the more privileged classes, and in his emphasis on social salvation. He had a passion for humanity and wanted to spend himself for its salvation. He loved to quote Watts's great hymn as the basis of that passion:

> Were the whole realm of nature mine,
> That were an offering far too small;
> Love so amazing, so divine
> Demands my soul, my life, my all.

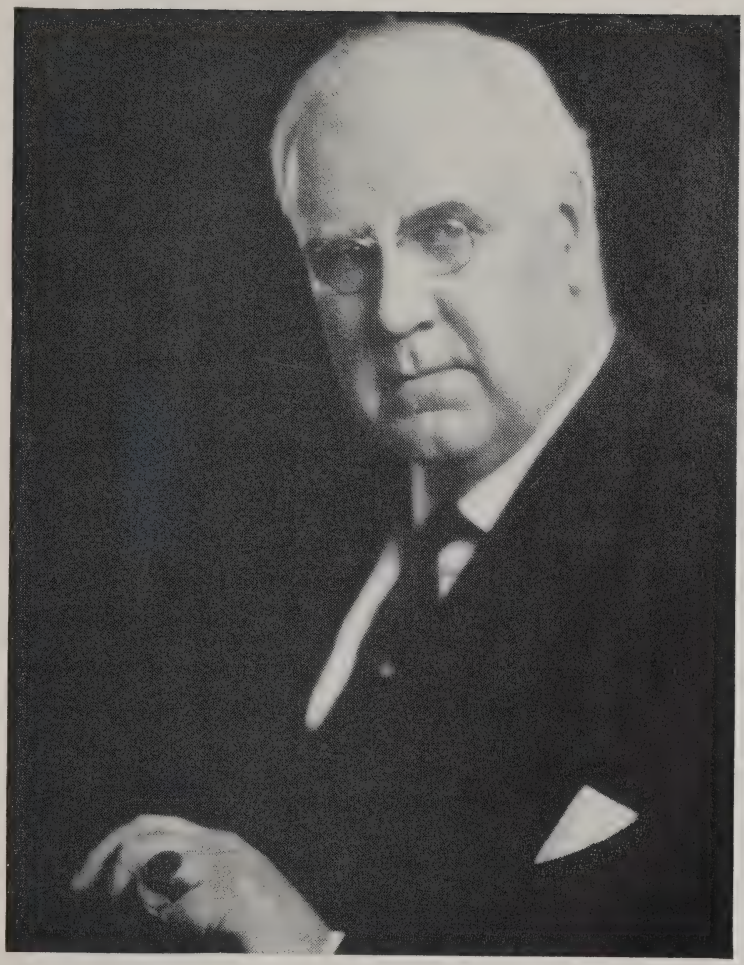
The masses of humanity were those for whom Christ died and every man among them might find that Savior whom in the early years of his life the Bishop had found. His language might not be the convincing and compelling medium through which the average man would see glimpses of his need and of his Savior, but in the preacher's heart was all the deep yearning any man could feel for the salvation of his brother man.

Chapter IV

BISHOP WILLIAM FLETCHER McMURRY was the son of a Methodist preacher, Rev. William Wesley McMurry. At the time of the father's death a biographical sketch was read which contained these paragraphs:

"Rev. William Wesley McMurry was born in Marion County, Missouri, March 24, 1837, and died in Shelbina, Missouri, April 4, 1904. He was the eighth child of a family of ten children. His parents came from Kentucky. He, with his parents, moved to Shelby County in 1842, to secure better school advantages. His father's house was a preaching place for the Methodists. Family prayers, led by his father, were the first religious services he remembered. The Christian lives of his parents and eldest sister brought the first religious convictions to his heart; but it was not until after his father's death that he came out fully on the Lord's side. This was at a camp-meeting on the old North River Camp-ground, northeast of Shelbyville, in 1855. This was a memorable meeting, in which a great many were converted. His convictions to preach the gospel were from childhood as a desire, but now they came as a duty.

"In the fall of 1858 he was licensed to preach, together with John R. Taylor and James B. Short. The quarterly conference was held in a frame tent on the North River Camp-ground. At the Missouri Conference held in Chillicothe in 1858, Bishop Early presiding, he, with eleven others, was received on trial. His first appointment was junior preacher, with Rev. S. W. Cope senior, on the Fayette circuit; Rev. W. G. Caples, P. E. The circuit had thirteen preaching places. The first revival he held was east of New Franklin, where a number were converted. During the year they had a great revival at Fayette; Drs. Mor-



Bishop William Fletcher McMurry

rison and Luckey did a good deal of the preaching. There were a great many converted and added to the church, among them E. R. Hendrix, and C. C. Woods.

"In 1859 the conference met in St. Joseph; Robert Paine the bishop. From there he was appointed in charge of West Point Circuit, in St. Joseph district—a circuit of twenty-one appointments. This charge was without a church building of any denomination in its bounds. Here began his work as a church builder, in which he excelled throughout his life. With his axe, and in company with several church members, he went into the woods and cut the logs for the lumber which built the church. It was hardly completed when he left for the conference at St. Charles in the fall of 1860, Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh presiding. Here he first met Rev. (afterwards Bishop) E. M. Marvin, and heard him preach on John 14:1. At this conference he was ordained a deacon. From here he was appointed to Rockport circuit, the farthest northwest appointment. It was considered a better appointment in many respects, and particularly in supporting a preacher. He received a salary this year of $75.00. In 1861 the conference was at Glasgow; Rev. W. G. Caples presided. He was appointed to the Memphis circuit, and received a salary of $34.00 for the year.

"During this year he married at Colony, on May 31, 1862, Miss Mary E. Williams. He has said she was a helpmate indeed, in whom he confided in affection and counsel absolutely. Together their lives abounded in good works, and they ever retained their mutual love and confidence. To them were born eleven children.

"In 1862 the troubles of war were so great that the conference did not meet, and by common consent the preachers remained on their old work, as far as practical. He remained on the Memphis circuit a while, and in December decided it was best to return to his old home, and farmed, taught school, and preached as opportunity afforded, until

September, 1864, when the conference met in Palmyra, and he was appointed to Shelbyville circuit.

"In the spring of 1865 he went to Louisville, Kentucky, and was ordained an elder, having been elected to elder's orders at the conference, but there was no bishop present. In August, 1865, the conference met in Hannibal, with Bishop Kavanaugh in the chair. Here he was appointed to Lagrange circuit, where he had a great meeting at Liberty church.

"In 1870 the conference was held at Columbia. Bishop H. N. McTyeire presided. He was appointed presiding elder of the Hannibal district, which he served four years. In the spring of 1874 by the trustees of Shelby high school, he was elected principal of that school, and continued its principal two years. At the Hannibal conference in 1876 Bishop McTyeire presided, and appointed him presiding elder of the Macon district. In 1880 he was appointed to the St. Charles district as presiding elder, and remained four years, during which time the district was much improved. And in 1884, from the conference at Shelbina, he was made presiding elder of the Mexico district. In 1885 he was appointed for the second time presiding elder of the Hannibal district, having served it eleven years before. At the close of these four years the conference was held at Palmyra, and he was elected a delegate to the general conference, which met in St. Louis in May, 1890. And at the Palmyra conference he was appointed to the Shelbina circuit, serving two years, and built Lowman chapel, near Walkersville. In 1891 he was sent to Palmyra circuit. In 1892 he was left without work, being nominally placed with Rev. Robert White, on Shelbina station, with the understanding he might do what work he wished while resting to recover his health. During this time he laid the foundation of Lakenan circuit, and made it a possibility. In 1893 he was appointed to the Lakenan circuit, and built McMurry chapel. In the fall of

1894 he took a supernumerary relation, and in 1895 he superannuated."

Brother McMurry himself writes of some of these pastoral experiences:

"I came to conference at St. Charles in 1860. Bishop Kavanaugh presided. I was introduced to him. He said, 'I knew your ancestors.' I had heard my mother tell of the camp meeting where he presided and preached with such power; sat up all night to rejoice in the Lord over the great victory. Here I heard him preach; and have never heard a greater preacher, I think. I also for the first time saw E. M. Marvin. He took in much of the conference. Preached one night to the edification of all from John XIV, 1. Caples preached the next night from 1st John III, 1 and 3, surpassing all I had ever heard from him, and Marvin sang, 'Glory Be to God on High, My Soul Is Happy Now,' to the words, 'Jesus, My All, to Heaven Is Gone.' It was electric. All the preachers joined. It was good to be here; it was never to be forgotten. Bishop Kavanaugh's text was, 'We have this treasure in earthly vessels,' etc. It was wonderful. I have never seen an audience so moved. I had never heard such oratory. After the sermon, the class was ordained deacons, I with the number. I was appointed to the Rockport circuit, the extreme northwest appointment of the conference.

"In the spring and summer of this year, 1861, the excitement was great all over Missouri and in the bounds of my circuit. There was marching and speech-making and so on, enlisting and dodging. I took no part in it, and had no trouble, and finished out my year's work. My sympathies were with the Southern people. Our conference met that year at Glasgow.

"Such was the terrible state of the country that conference did not meet in the fall of 1862; so, by common consent, the preachers returned to their work, where it was at all possible to do so. I returned to Memphis.

"The conference met at Mexico, Missouri (A. Monroe presided), September, 1864—a notable session in several respects. General Rosencranz, commanding the department, with headquarters at St. Louis, had issued an order requiring all bodies religious, who met in the state, to first subscribe a certain oath of allegiance to the United States government before they proceeded to any business. We met September 14th, and after religious services were discussing the question among ourselves whether all should first take the oath there prescribed, even though they had taken some other of the many oaths that had been prescribed since the war. While we were quietly discussing this question a small piece of humanity every way, only he was the commanding officer of a regiment stationed at Mexico at the time, arose and in a very excited tone (he was sitting near the door, and I not far from him), said: 'Gentlemen, if you begin business here without first coming to my office and subscribing said oath, I shall have every one of you arrested on the spot'—and then he marched out of the room. We consulted a few moments and adjourned till next morning. P. M. Pinckard had not yet come from St. Louis. We sent Rev. F. A. Savage, an old and valuable member, to St. Louis, with Pinckard, to see General Rosencranz and decide the question for us. The General gave his view that only those who had heretofore not taken any oath, should file the same before the above-mentioned officer, and the rest should be exempt.

"The last Sabbath of the meeting was a time of unusual power. Many of these converts live to bless the church and the world. Prominent among them is Henry Duncan. Cope was born the last night of this meeting while I was away from home. Bacon Chapel church was built in the summer of 1870, and dedicated by Dr. Vincil second Sabbath in August. The Shelbyville Church was dedicated by myself while upon the district."

In an argument with a minister of another denomination

Brother McMurry preached on, "The Unity of the Church." His emphases he records:

"1. That unity was not first in name, as no name had been given the church to the exclusion of other names. On the contrary, the Scriptures had given His people over one hundred different names.

2. Its unity was not to be found in the mode of its ordinances.

3. Nor in an unbroken history from the apostolic day of the congregations, nor ordinations of its ministers.

4. In Spirituality was found its essential unity. One Lord and one faith in that Lord and one Baptism of the spirit brought us all into the 'one body,' 'for by one spirit we are all baptized into one body.' Not uniformity, but unity."

Of the mother of Bishop McMurry Rev. H. P. Bond writes to her son,

"Your mother was as perfect a model of an itinerant's wife, and as patient, and loving, and faithful a mother to his and her children as I ever knew. I esteemed her friendship and her kind, sisterly interest in me as a young preacher more than fine gold and earthly goods which some were influenced through her solicitations to bestow on me. Her home life was like that of the Mother of Methodism, Susannah Wesley. She looked well to the affairs of her household, and her children rise up and call her blessed. Indeed, that description of the 'excellent woman' in Proverbs 31: 10-31, is applicable to her in every particular item. I read it today and think of her!"

One can best understand the work of Bishop McMurry when he knows this background of his life. With such parents William Fletcher McMurry had a great heritage as he began his work. The facts of his life were often stated in the press during his ministry.

"William Fletcher McMurry was born in Shelby County, Missouri, June 29, 1864, the son of Rev. William Wesley

and Mary Elizabeth (Williams) McMurry. He was educated at St. Charles College, Missouri, 1880-1882; Central College, 1882-1885. D. D. Emory and Henry College, Virginia, 1902; LL.D., Kentucky Wesleyan College, Centenary College, Shreveport, Louisiana, and Central College, Fayette, Missouri, all in 1921. He was married to Frances Byrd Davis, St. Joseph, Missouri, October 9, 1888, of which union three children were born: Claudia, William Fletcher and Frances.

"He was ordained in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1886. Pastor of various churches in Missouri, 1886-1897; presiding elder, 1897-1902; pastor Centenary Church, St. Louis, Missouri, 1902-1906; Corresponding Secretary of Board of Church Extension, 1906-1918. Elected Bishop in May, 1918. He made an official visit to the mission fields of South America in 1910 and to the Orient in 1918. He was president of the Board of Finance of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; member of the General Conference Commission to write the Constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; member of the Joint Commission on Unification of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was twice a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference meeting in London in 1901 and 1921. He was a director of The Methodist Publishing House, Shanghai, China; and was president of Central College, Fayette, Missouri, from 1924 to 1930."

Of the closing days of his life there is this record:

"Bishop McMurry had left his home about the first of the year for a tour of his episcopal district, comprising the Western Virginia, the Kentucky and Baltimore Conferences. Tuesday, the 9th of January, he presided over a conference-wide meeting at Staunton. On his arrival at home he was immediately taken to the hospital suffering from influenza, which in a brief space was followed by a heart attack, and thus his life went out on the morning of January 17. The funeral services were conducted in Centenary Church at 7:30 A.M. Friday morning, January 19 and were

in charge of Bishops A. Frank Smith, U. V. W. Darlington and Sam R. Hay."

These facts and dates cannot interpret the man. Only his friends can interpret him. One of Bishop McMurry's closest friends was Dr. Charles Wesley Webdell and no one could give a finer evaluation of him.

"Bishop William Fletcher McMurry, the son of Reverend William Wesley and Mary Elizabeth McMurry, was born in Shelby County, Missouri, June 29, 1864. Bishop and I were born within six miles of each other, and from our early boyhood until his death we were close, intimate and confidential friends. As yet, it is difficult for me to believe he is with us no more. Why should he go at this critical hour, when we all need him, and when the Church so sorely needs the leadership of one as capable of understanding and appreciating the interests of the Kingdom of God? Great is our loss, but we would not complain, for God is good. He knoweth what is best and doeth all things well.

"The boyhood and early manhood of Bishop McMurry were spent in Shelby County, Missouri, and in after years he loved to visit the place of his birth and relive again in memory the happy scenes and experiences of the past. During the last few years he often spoke to me with great tenderness of those early days, and I could see that the memories of those tender years and early religious impressions were growing more precious to him with the passing of time. Many who knew him in his young manhood, and others who came to know him in later years and had heard him preach, traveled many miles to pay tribute to his memory and stood silently by with tear-dimmed eyes and sad hearts as his stalwart body was gently given back into the arms of mother earth.

"During the years 1880-82 he attended St. Charles College, St. Charles, Missouri, and from 1882 to 1885 he was a student at Central College, Fayette, Missouri. His college education was never completed, but while at Central he

formed the habit of study and his thirst for knowledge was never satisfied.

"During the years of his Presidency of Central College he did much for that Institution in the way of planning and erecting new buildings, repairing old buildings, and the enlarging and strengthening the faculty. His development program called for the raising of almost a million dollars, and during the time he was at the head of the College it reached a very large student enrollment. Methodism and the State of Missouri owe a debt of gratitude to Bishop McMurry, who was a wise, far-seeing master builder.

"He was an incomparable administrator and possessed phenomenal imagination and reasoning powers. He was a man of keen insight, discriminating judgment and these faculties endowed him with the power to analyze and to understand hard and difficult problems. These splendid endowments marked him early in life as a leader of men and brought him into prominence in all the large, progressive forward-looking movements of the Church.

"At the General Conference held in 1906 he was elected the Executive Secretary of the Board of Church Extension, which position he held with great credit to himself and profit to the Church until his election as a Bishop by the General Conference which met in Atlanta, Georgia, in May, 1918. Although, from 1906 to the close of his earthly life, his duties as a general administrator made it necessary for him to spend much time away from home, there was always a heart hunger for his own fireside and the companionship of those whom he loved with a passionate devotion. Many times when we were out together he would speak of home and the dear ones there and the mellowness of his tones gave evidence of his concern and the deep yearning of his heart. For the most part, after 1906, he was a pilgrim often weary, lonely, and far from home.

"Bishop McMurry, measured by any standard, was a big man. Twelve times I have crossed the summit of the Rocky

Mountains, and I never looked upon those rugged snow-crowned mountains and lofty granite peaks, that they did not cause me to think of the Bishop. He was a strong man, big of stature, rugged in character and cosmopolitan by nature. He was at ease within the cottage of the poor or in the palace of the rich, with the learned or the unlearned. Men of every class and condition found in him a friend and brother. When he came upon the stage of human action, the entire Church heard his stately tread and caught the echo of his commanding voice.

"I have been with him upon many happy occasions; I have stood by his side when unmerited storms broke about him; I was with him when sorrows swept his soul; I was by his side as his father sank down amid the shadows of death, and I assisted at his funeral; I conducted the funeral service of Wesley, his little son, and through it all his calmness was indicative of the Christlike spirit which possessed him.

"Great as the Bishop was in other directions and other fields of endeavor, I would be untrue to my convictions if I did not here state that above and beyond all his other attainments and achievements he stands out before me as a great preacher of the Gospel of the Son of God. His pulpit was his throne and the Bible and an old fashioned religion were dear to him. I do not mean to infer that he failed to adapt himself to the changing conditions of the time. He did, for he was an ardent friend of and believer in progress, but the simplest forms and faith were his delight. To him some things were eternally fixed. He was not a novelty monger nor a phrasemaker. He never announced a sensational or catchy subject to attract a crowd. He was no peddler of insipid homilitics, nor did he indulge in theories.

"The simplicity of his messages gave to them a scintillating light and power. As he preached, under the touch of the Divine, his own heart warmed and his mind began to glow and his words to burn, and light, love, and life

were transmitted to his audiences, sinners were convicted, penitents saved, and saints strengthened, blessed and comforted. There has never been a doubt in my mind, and I am sure that thousands who have heard him preach share my convictions, that the Spirit of the Sea of Galilee, spoke through him to the people. And I doubt not, as they went their homeward way, a voice within said: 'Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked with us by the way?'

"One of the last times I heard him preach was at the re-opening of old McKendree Church, located near Cape Girardeau, Missouri. He used as a text Malachi 3:16, 'And the Lord hearkened and heard it and caused a book of remembrance to be written before them that feared the Lord and thought upon His name.' It was an inspiring message, replete with tenderness, truth, pathos and love. It was estimated that more than twelve hundred souls heard him upon that occasion. Men, women, boys and girls silently wept as they sat there in God's big out-of-doors, beneath the boughs of the great old trees, and listened to his voice which seemed to be in tune with the music of the skies.

"In the quiet hours of the dawning of Wednesday, January 17, 1934, at 5:45, in Barnes Hospital in Saint Louis, the city that he loved, God kissed down his eyelids into dreamless sleep and soothed his painful heart to rest. The funeral services were conducted at Centenary Methodist Church, January 19, 1934, after which his body was taken to the family burying ground at Shelbina, Missouri, and laid to rest in the soil of his native State—there to await the general resurrection when the earth and sea shall give up their dead and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes and there shall be no more death.

"When the news was flashed out to the world that he had gone, men and women all over this land of ours, in far away China, and especially throughout the borders of the Church he loved so devotedly and served so faithfully, felt a sense of irreparable loss and the sting of grief. The entire

Church mourns his death and his going from me has left a loneliness and hurt in my heart that Heaven alone can heal. I know full well the meaning of the silence that rests upon his lips. I know what it means never again to grasp his warm, friendly hand, never again to hear him say, 'Web,' but though great and irreparable is my loss, that of his loved ones, and thousands of friends who loved and trusted him, I would not call him back to this life of pain and sorrow and death. He is at home in the Father's House; he has seen Jesus face to face and told the story, as only he would tell it, 'Saved by grace.' "

Many were the tributes in the church press and in memorial services when he came to the end of his great ministry. One to whom his friendship meant much, Marion Nelson Waldrip, wrote:

"Abraham Lincoln, looking out of the White House window one morning, saw Walt Whitman striding down the street. He asked: 'Who is that?' The reply was: 'That is Walt Whitman, the poet.' Whereupon Mr. Lincoln said: 'He looks like a man.'

"I have said while he was living: 'His heart was as big as his body, and his soul was as white as his hair.' He was a good preacher, a great speaker, and a hard-working bishop. He made men move things, or he moved them. The humblest Methodist preacher in the world, if he did his work well, met with his approval and had his warm friendship. The aristocracy of work was all the aristocracy he knew. He loved real men. He had a great business brain, handling millions of dollars of the Church's funds with the skill of a captain of finance. He was to his Church what Pierpont Morgan was to Wall Street. No man can take his place. He was a hard master over himself. For he spared not himself, literally dying on his feet. He presided at all the Kingdom Extension mass meetings held in his district when dying, left Lexington, Kentucky, on a late afternoon train Sunday, arriving in St. Louis Monday morning, was rushed

to Barnes Hospital, and on Wednesday morning he awoke from sleep and said to the nurse: 'What time is it?' She replied: 'Four-thirty.' He said: 'I have had two hours of the best sleep that I have had for days. Adjust my bed and raise my head and put the pillow a little farther down under my shoulders, and I shall go to sleep again.' She raised his head from the bed, and he was dead. At that moment his granddaughter, little Jean, whom he idolized and for whom he was frequently seen in toy shops purchasing toys, called out to the members of the household at Fayette, Mo., saying: 'There is somebody in my room.' "

Another intimate friend, Luther E. Todd, was able to write from years of very close contact:

"His devotion to the Church was supreme, and there was no sacrifice too great for him to make for its welfare. He wanted to complete his life in active work and 'on his feet.' He did. His interest was not circumscribed, but all-embracing. Missions, church extension, education, hospitals, orphanages, superannuates, and all other service ventures of the Church had not only his intensive thought, but also his unstinted support. His preaching was clear, direct. He tarried not with critical studies of religion, but spent himself unreservedly preaching the pure gospel of Christ as Jesus preached it. He was an ardent reader of the best thought published on all subjects, but his preaching was never changed from the simplest telling of the good news about the world's Savior. His success as an evangelistic preacher was phenomenal, as witnessed by many thousands who found the Way through him.

"As an administrator of the Church's affairs when pastor, presiding elder, secretary, and bishop, he was superb. It is doubtful if any great leader has ever surpassed him in this. He knew men perfectly and wisely directed them in the accomplishment of whatever tasks his Church wanted done. If he made mistakes of judgment occasionally, he was quick to acknowledge them and eagerly sought opportunities to

make corrections. Those who knew him best were amazed how lightly he received imagined grievances, and yet how persistently he set himself to make necessary adjustments when his Christian judgment approved. This man will forever live in the souls of those who wrought with him, as a master of assemblies, as one who was able to decide quickly what should be done in any event, and as one able to carry through his convictions."

One of the great servants of the church whom Missouri sent into the larger world, Alfred Franklin Smith, has voiced his appreciation:

"Bishop McMurry never knew the word failure. He was powerful, masterful, far-seeing, judicious, determined, and an almost incomparable administrator of affairs. He would have succeeded in whatever sphere of life he might have taken. Bankers have told him that he would have been a great banker. His fellow-citizens have said that he would have made a great statesman. His brethren know that he has made a great churchman. He had marked success in his pastorates, in the presiding eldership, in the secretaryship of the Board of Church Extension, and in the office of bishop. His presidency of Central College was an epoch in its history—a time of enlargement, betterment, increased enrollment and widened influence. Opportunity is not given in this brief sketch to particularize upon his achievements. They are emblazoned everywhere throughout the Church. For forty years he stood among the tall men of the Church. He has been sought for counsel and generalship. He has placed unnumbered churches in better financial positions. He has proposed the measures which have yielded success in uncounted church enterprises. His musical, powerful voice has rallied untold numbers of Christian people and stirred them to greater endeavors. From the first his preaching had an evangelistic fervor, and this element never departed from him. He had the power to move his congregations to deep emotion. The progress of his sermons was

characterized by stateliness of thought and clearness of utterance. Many a sentence, like his body and voice, was ponderous. At times the mellowness of tone gave evidence of a heart of the deepest sympathy and most earnest yearning.

"Bishop McMurry was acquainted with church law. He assembled and read the issues of Disciplines from the beginning of American Methodism. He knew the spirit and the history of his people. Conferences under his presidency were orderly, businesslike, and churchly. He carefully planned the best things for the preachers and the congregations. Notable achievement accompanied his administration.

"Amongst Bishop McMurry's acquaintances there were no neutrals. His associates were either affectionate and confident co-operators, or they were ardent opponents. He was a man of positive nature. He well knew his objectives, and, summoning his remarkable strength and enlisting all who would aid him, he marched toward his goal.

"When in future time the Church is calling the roll of its heroes and master workmen, one name will be William Fletcher McMurry."

On the day of his funeral his friend, Bishop U. V. W. Darlington, paid him this tribute:

"I have been thinking in these last forty hours since I first heard of the going-away of Bishop McMurry—I have been thinking what could *I* say? Or what could any man say that would add one iota to what *you* know—what I know—and what you feel—and what I feel in an hour like this. God had peculiarly endowed this man who tabernacled with us and now has gone from us. There are those in this company today who, perhaps, knew this—perhaps better than I—but I doubt it. For more than twenty years my heart has been mighty close to his heart, and his heart has been mighty close to mine. And when I say that God had peculiarly endowed this brother, I pause to speak for just a moment about the one peculiar characteristic—it ought

not to be peculiar, but sometimes it is—he had the ability to be a friend from the beginning to the close. Not all men seem to be thus endowed. But this man was. If he was your friend, you could trust him in the dark, trust him anywhere. I have known few men in my life—and I have journeyed with him for almost sixteen years in this office in the Church—but I have known few men in my life who could be a closer, more devoted, *real* friend than William F. McMurry—and especially so in the hours when the vine might be clinging to the mouldering wall and the days were dark and dreary. He could put his heart right up by the side of yours, put his hand in yours, and be as gentle as a woman. Not all men knew this. It took close, devoted, brotherly Christian fellowship to discover the depths and the tenderness of the heart of this man. I have had experiences in my own life when I had a good chance to test him: he never failed. As the train for thirty-four hours marked the time when I could reach this city this morning, I was saying to myself: 'The peculiar endowments of this man are not to be found in many lives.' "

Those who had part in the funeral service at Centenary Church in St. Louis, January 19, 1934 were Dr. C. W. Tadlock, Bishop A. Frank Smith, Bishop John M. Moore, Bishop Sam R. Hay, and Bishop U. V. W. Darlington. The active pallbearers were C. Wesley Webdell, Luther E. Todd, John F. Caskey, Alfred Franklin Smith, T. D. Ellis, Robert C. Holliday, W. M. Alexander and Charles C. Selecman. The burial was in the cemetery at Shelbina, in the county of Shelby where his family had lived for three generations. On his monument are the words, "A preacher of righteousness and hope, strong, fearless, tender, faithful." His widow lives in Fayette with her daughter, Mrs. Frances Bloom. Two other children, Miss Claudia McMurry, and William F. McMurry, Jr. have died since their father's death and have gone to be with him.

Bishop McMurry was of commanding appearance. He

was more than six feet tall and weighed nearly 250 pounds. He looked like a bishop and a leader. His voice was strong and he spoke always with authority. He would have made a great success as a banker or a statesman. As a matter of fact he was both banker and statesman in his church leadership. He succeeded in anything he undertook and there was certainly no such word as a failure in his vocabulary. He rebuilt Central College and greatly enlarged the physical equipment, but his great service to Methodist education in Missouri was the closing of all institutions but one and centering the educational program at Central College in Fayette.

Besides his great service in the field of education his outstanding services to the church were:

(1) A pastorate at Centenary Church from 1902-06, during the World Fair period when 2,000 new members joined the church.

(2) The building up of the Church Extension Loan Fund, as Secretary and President of the Board of Church Extension.

(3) The increase of interest in pensions for retired ministers, as a result of his presidency of the Board of Finance.

(4) The strengthening of foundations of the Methodist Church by his business-like and efficient administration as Presiding Elder and Bishop.

Because the tasks committed to him by the church required such drives and strength, he sometimes seemed overpowering to those who did not agree with him. He had to have intimate associates as he planned his work and those who were thus taken into his confidence followed him with devoted confidence and trust. With the strength of his convictions he would sometimes identify those who disagreed with their opinions to such an extent that he disliked them as much as he disliked their views. Any one who opposed him was conscious always of the strength of his

opposition, and he had to have both ability and a determined will to hold his own. But with all the power and strength of the man the bishop had a geniality with his sense of humor that made him a delightful companion. He knew preachers and their problems so that he could be a wise counsellor. He loved his church with such devotion that he was always thinking of its position and influence, trying at all times to strengthen that position and widen that influence. Those who were close to him were conscious of a tenderness that belonged to the depths of his nature.

I remember a Commencement at Central College when I was staying in his home. Twice in the night he came into my room and told me that he felt I must take the presidency of Central College. He said to me, "The Trustees and I agree that we can pay you $10,000 a year more easily than we can pay some other men $5,000. There were tears in his eyes and his voice as he spoke of his love for the College. We had had some differences of opinion as to church policy in the state, and I can never forget how warmly he spoke that night of my work and his appreciation of it. There were other men who knew these same experiences of tender intimacy after some strong disagreements, and those who were close to him at all times realized that he had a heart of affection and tenderness.

He was buried from Centenary Church in St. Louis, where Bishop Marvin's funeral was held more than fifty years before. Bishop Marvin was buried in St. Louis and Bishop Hendrix in Kansas City, the two great cities of Missouri. Bishop McMurry rests in the soil of his native county, and his burial place identifies him with the rural Missouri which he loved so much!

Many are living who knew this man, and the impress of his life on Missouri Methodism as well as on The Methodist Church can be clearly seen. As the work he did becomes gradually a part of the receding past it becomes more and more evident that he had remarkable wisdom in the deci-

sions he made, and that he exercised constructive genius in the strengthening of the church. In a way he has become a part of the very structure of The Methodist Church. Those who love that church can look upon its present organization and accomplishments with these words upon their lips "Behold his monument!" In a very striking way he was the embodiment of The Methodist Church in its truly great achievements, and in an equally striking way he built himself so fully into the church of yesterday that one can say of the church of today, "Here, and here, and here are the evidences of his constructive touch." To those of the church's ministry who carry on his work his influence speaks, "No preacher can be careless or lazy or half-hearted in his task. He must give himself to the church with all the energy of body, mind and soul. The church demands all a man has and all he is."

Bishop Charles C. Selecman

Chapter V

IT has been a privilege of my life to call Bishop Charles C. Selecman friend and the years have thrown us together in many ways. We are both members of the college fraternity, Sigma Alpha Epsilon; we are both Thirty-Third Degree Masons; our ministries have been related and our lives closely intertwined. For these reasons affection may color judgment but for the same reasons association makes it possible to write with a knowledge of both accomplishment and character.

On Tuesday, October 13, 1874, nine years after the close of the Civil War, Charles C. Selecman was born in a farm house in Andrew County, Missouri, some five and one-half miles northeast of Savannah, the county site. He was third in a family of six children, consisting of three girls and three boys. All six lived beyond three score years, and two sisters are now living. The parents, Isaac Henry and Josephine Selecman, were descendants of Virginia families, which came to America in 1756 and migrated westward along the Kentucky-Missouri line of travel characteristic of the early half of the Nineteeth Century. From an old family Bible it appears that Henry Selecman and his wife came from Germany about 1756, and were the first of the family to settle in America, making Virginia their home. It was some two or three generations later that some of the family began the westward move while others remained in the east. Missouri was largely settled by people whose families had their origin in Virginia.

At the age of twelve Charles was converted in a revival meeting at Bedford Chapel, a small frame church, situated on the corner of his grandfather's farm. This revival was under the ministry of Rev. David F. Bone of the Missouri

Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a great country pastor with a fine preaching and singing voice and a passion for evangelism. Brother Bone traveled country circuits and preached summer and winter, never seeming to grow weary or sick and he lived to the age of one hundred and three years.

The old-fashioned one-room country school, with teachers who spared not the rod, was the place of boyhood studies and games. Children carried their lunches and ate during noon recess, sometimes trading a piece of chicken for a slice of ham, or a red apple for a hard-boiled egg. At least half the noon hour was spent at games. On Fridays the closing exercises for the week consisted of "speaking pieces" or a "spelling match." A book of quotations which Charles has treasured was inscribed, "To Charles for excellent scholarship." He grew up with many memories of those happy and interesting experiences in the country school.

At the age of fourteen Charles entered high school in Savannah, working afternoons and evenings in a store for part of his board and room. After two years he entered Central College, Fayette, Missouri, as an academy student and spent five years in academy and college courses. Being pressed for money, he devoted two years to teaching country schools in Missouri (between his second and third years at Central). At one schoolhouse he also preached on alternate Sundays and held an evangelistic meeting in which there were three scores of converts, and the building of a country church to house the new members was the result.

Returning to College he won some distinction in oratorical and declamatory contests. Once he represented the State of Missouri in an Interstate Oratorical Contest at Topeka, Kansas. His ambitious subject was, "The Philosophy of Progress."

Financial and family considerations caused him to discontinue his formal education before graduation. Years later his alma mater and seven other institutions honored

him with degrees. Central College, University of Southern California and Kentucky Wesleyan conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The Doctor of Laws degrees came from Centenary College, Shreveport, Louisiana, Austin College, Sherman, Texas, Baylor University, Waco, and finally (1939) Southern Methodist University, Dallas.

After two years in country charges his pastoral experience was confined largely to five cities: St. Joseph and St. Louis, Missouri; New Orleans, Louisiana, Los Angeles, California, and Dallas, Texas. (This should include two years in Mexico, Missouri; three years at Moberly, and two years at Webb City.) His work in St. Louis and New Orleans was in the field of downtown mission and social service work. A trip to England in 1907 to visit Wesleyan City Missions had captured his imagination. In deciding to go to Kingdom House, St. Louis, he declined the invitation of Bishop Hendrix to Melrose Church, Kansas City, Missouri, then a prosperous neighborhood church situated in a growing section of the City. From Kingdom House he was urged by Bishop E. D. Mouzon and the then Dr. John M. Moore, to accept appointment as Superintendent of Missions in New Orleans. After a few months in this position he requested a change upon the ground that the plan adopted was unworkable—as it subsequently proved to be.

Then followed a brief pastorate at Webb City in the zinc and lead mining district of Southwest Missouri, from which he was called by Bishop Waterhouse to the pastorate of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church South of Los Angeles, which was then building a huge building at Ninth and Grand Avenues. The property of this small congregation had greatly increased in value due to the magic expansion of the City. This made it possible for the building committee of Trinity Church to borrow a million dollars for the construction of the new building. This loan was secured from a recently organized Los Angeles Investment Company

whose inexperienced president soon found himself in legal trouble and his company in the hands of a receiver. The result was the total loss of a valuable piece of church property, in which the congregation had invested very little money and much poor judgment and misguided enthusiasm.

Traveling from Webb City, Missouri, to Los Angeles in November, 1913, the new pastor found a four-story beginning of a nine-story building. The first three stories were planned for the church activities. The next six stories were 330 hotel rooms. On the top was a roof garden and a dome auditorium seating two hundred people. The basement provided space for a gymnasium, a bowling alley and a cafeteria.

The auditorium with gallery on three sides and a balcony on the third floor seated 3,300 people in well-cushioned opera chairs. Acoustics were perfect. The platform and stage had a capacity of two hundred and the huge pipe organ and an echo organ completed the worship equipment. There was an ample stage and a large screen for moving pictures.

The 330 hotel rooms were expected to produce sufficient income to retire the million dollar debt. "A grand dream, but only a dream."

Bishop R. G. Waterhouse, who was in charge of the Pacific Coast area of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, often remarked to the new pastor that he had "a big load and a sorry team."

Within two weeks of Selecman's arrival in Los Angeles while downtown one afternoon, the Chairman of his Board of Stewards purchased an afternoon paper and displayed in large red type on the front page was the story of the arrest of the President of the Los Angeles Investment Company. This was disastrous not only to the plans of the building committee, but also to several members of Trinity Church who had purchased 10% Gold Bonds from the company, and now faced the loss of their savings, thus invested.

The receiver of the company elected to proceed with the building contract, as too much money was involved already in the construction. In the meantime, the congregation was worshipping in the Jewish Synagogue one block away. This plan continued for more than a year, until the completion of Trinity Auditorium. The Jewish people worshipped on Saturdays, the Methodist on Sundays and Wednesday nights.

As if the devil himself were mixing the brew still further, the First World War broke out in Europe and all eyes were turned eastward. Pacific Coast business was well nigh paralyzed. The Trinity Hotel was under new and untrained management and was making no money—or very little, at best. Interest charges, which began when construction started, piled up. The total debt grew to $1,175,000. Business in all lines was dragging. Property was not moving at any price. What was the honorable course to take?

After some wholesome changes in the officials of the Building Committee, and consultation with Dr. W. F. McMurry, General Secretary of the Board of Church Extension, it was decided to give peaceable possession of the property to the receivers of the Los Angeles Investment Company upon their agreement to lease the Auditorium and Sunday School rooms for three years to the congregation of Trinity Church. This gave the congregation new hope although they had salvaged only some office furniture and a few dozen old chairs that had been the property of the old frame building.

By this time Bishop W. R. Lambuth had been assigned to the West and joined in the endeavor to save the congregation from utter bankruptcy and defeat.

By reason of his influence the Church was given the status of a mission charge. Several small struggling, failing congregations, and the Homer Toberman (Mexican) Mission were accordingly placed under the pastoral care of Dr. Selecman. Funds were secured from the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South,

to provide for an associate pastor, a social worker, a deaconess and a Director of Religious Education. This provided a good staff for city work. Congregations were large morning and night. Sunday afternoon organ concerts were given for a silver offering. A great choir of 120 voices was organized and trained. A Junior Church was started, which continues to this day. Pleasant Sunday afternoon programs were provided for several groups who had no access to other social occasions. Moving pictures were shown from 9:00 to 9:30 on Sunday mornings. Thus, for more than five years the pastor and people struggled and planned and prayed to hold the Trinity flock together and find a permanent church home.

In the meantime, the Titanic was sunk and events led to the entrance of the United States into the bloody conflict in Europe. The General Conference which met in Atlanta, May 1918, set up the War Work Commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Bishop W. R. Lambuth was made chairman. He sent a telegram to Dr. Selecman and Trinity Church, requesting him to secure leave of absence and accompany him and Dr. Grover C. Emmons—afterward first editor and founder of *The Upper Room*—to Europe as Field Secretary of the War Work Commission, Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The summer of 1918 was accordingly spent in Washington, D. C., New York, London, Paris, and at the front in eastern France not far from Baccarat. The battered city in which he was stationed for several weeks was in the combat zone subject to gas raid.

Then came a cablegram from Bishop H. M. DuBose, now in charge on the Pacific Coast, saying: "TRINITY CALLS. COME NOVEMBER FIRST." And Bishop Lambuth advised his return from the leave of absence.

Late in October he was again at Trinity, but the scourge of flu that took such toll of civilian lives closed all public meetings in Los Angeles. Thus released, he traveled to Abilene and Dallas on visitation of Annual Conferences to

arouse interest in the soldier's welfare material, moral and spiritual. While in Dallas, Texas, on November 11, 1918, the news came of the Armistice. Thus relieved of this responsibility he returned to Trinity and began once more some constructive efforts to find a home for the Trinity Church, which, through all this time, had held together, having lost only one family and one officious old lady from the congregation.

During Dr. Selecman's absence in Europe in the summer of 1918 it was my good fortune to take over his pulpit at Trinity Auditorium. We were under the necessity of securing large enough congregations to secure a loose change offering of five hundred dollars a month to pay the rent for the auditorium. On Sunday nights I used for weeks as my theme, "Is the End of the World Near?" It was my purpose to combat the fanatical pre-millennial emphasis which was heard in so many Los Angeles pulpits in the war days, and the announcement of such a theme brought the crowd. Needless to say there was vigorous dissent from my point of view. Never will I forget a Sunday morning service on "Victory Sunday" as the Americans halted and drove back the Germans in Belleau Woods. Allied military representatives, present in Los Angeles for a War Show, attended and sat on the stage. It was a crowded auditorium we had that day and I will always remember the great audiences I faced each Sunday of that eventful summer.

One afternoon after his return to Trinity, in company with an old Missouri friend and college mate, Mr. J. H. Kibler, Dr. Selecman passed an abandoned Episcopal Church which the Christ Church congregation had lost under foreclosure of mortgage. One window was loosely boarded up and provided a dim view. Next day a key was procured from a real estate company and upon further investigation into the dingy and dusty premises, the impression grew that this may be the fulfillment of their needs and the answer to their prayer. After some months

the deal was consummated, the church was renovated, redecorated, and furnished, and the congregation moved again, into its own home. After paying for the old building and much needed repairs, the Trinity Church found itself in a fairly adequate home five blocks from its former location. The debt was now $47,000, of which amount $35,000 was subscribed by the members and friends.

This transaction concluded seven strenuous and precarious years of pastoral leadership in Los Angeles. When the congregation was securely sheltered in its new home, Dr. Selecman received an invitation from Bishop W. N. Ainsworth of Texas to transfer to Dallas and be assigned to the First Church of that city. This opened a new chapter in his career.

While at Trinity in Los Angeles Dr. Selecman was active in the Church Federation, City and State. In 1919 he was elected President of the California State Federation. In 1918 at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Atlanta he was made a member of the Unification Commission, and he served also on the Unification Commission that worked out the Plan for Union as it was adopted in 1938. His able leadership in his own denomination and in the work of the Federation gave a new standing to his Communion on the Pacific Coast, and his service with the War Work Commission in France made him a national figure in church circles.

When Dr. Selecman arrived in Dallas a new church building was already being promoted for the united congregations of First Church and Trinity Church. Plans were accepted. Some $200,000 was subscribed, little of which was in hand in cash. The new location at Ross and Harwood had been purchased but not fully paid for. The valuable property of the old First Church at Commerce and Prather Streets had been leased to Jesse H. Jones for ninety-nine years for an annual payment of from $10,000 a year at the start and increased from year to year for fifty years, after

which the payments were to be $25,000 per year. But this afforded small aid to the Building Committee, who desired to proceed with construction. However, a large bequest from the estate of Major Pires to Southern Methodist University provided the University with an endowment fund for investment, and the First Church lease was purchased by S. M. U. for $285,000, thereby releasing this large sum for the use of the Building Committee.

Even this was inadequate for the ambitious plans adopted by the Building Committee.

Being too short of funds to let a contract a professional estimate was secured from a Kansas firm. Its figure was $734,000, plus the cost of art glass windows, heating and lighting equipment, organ and pews. The architect saw no way of reducing his plans to a point within the reach of the apparent ability of the congregation. Therefore, a settlement was made with him and Hunt & Company firm was employed to simplify the plans on which the present great church was erected under the able and tactful leadership of Dr. Carl C. Gregory, who was transferred from Kentucky to carry on the work after Dr. Selecman became President of S. M. U. The interim from April to October was covered by the pastorate of Reverend J. Abner Sage, who had been serving as Minister of Music. It should be noted that even after the drastic reduction of cost the debt incurred before completion of the Church was so large as to threaten the loss of the entire property. At one critical juncture, Dr. A. V. Lane, a faithful and licensed trustee hypothecated his personal securities to prevent an impending foreclosure.

When the question of selling the old First Church property came up for consideration, due notice having been given of the meeting, a formidable group of laymen appeared for the discussion. The issue was heated and extended till nearly midnight. One group of conservative men argued that it was possible to retain the property and use the lease funds

to retire a huge loan. Ultimately it was argued that the church would "eat its cake and have it too," by this method of procedure. This group was led by two prominent and able lawyers, Judge Elijah B. Perkins and Mr. Louis Blaylock, prominent in business and city government for years, also publisher of the Texas Christian Advocate for many years. It was unusual to see these men at a Quarterly Conference; in fact the only time they appeared at an official meeting in a pastorate of nearly three years. Judge Perkins had secured, through the services of W. T. Henderson, an array of figures showing just how the lease would retire a loan of $500,000 on the basis of its promised income.

This position was ably challenged by such younger men as E. B. Doggett, S. B. Perkins, A. V. Lane, M. C. Cameron, Judge Tom McCulloch and others.

One speaker told of the drift of population and business in New York City, Chicago and St. Louis with the result that some properties were less valuable today than they were fifty years ago.

The pastor pleaded only for some plan to provide funds for immediate resumption of work, above the foundation already constructed.

Finally, a motion was made by Judge Tom McCulloch that the Committee be authorized to secure the loan, if possible, provided that in case of failure to do so, the offer of S. M. U. of $285,000 be accepted. This motion prevailed, and it was recognized by both groups as a victory for the progressive younger men.

It was in 1923 that he became President of Southern Methodist University. President H. A. Boaz had become a bishop in the church in 1922, and in the months which followed there were controversy and disagreement on the campus. Having been Professor of Old Testament and Chairman of the Theological Faculty, as well as Chaplain of the University, from 1915 to 1918, and becoming a member of the Board of Trustees immediately after that service,

I am in a position to know the difficulties Dr. Selecman faced when he became President of the University. The Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Judge Joseph E. Cockrell, had written me to ask if I would take the presidency of the university, but I was too deeply interested in my work at St. Johns and too conversant with all the problems to consider it. Dr. Selecman hesitated for a long time as pressure was brought to bear on him to leave the pastorate of First Church to take the university presidency. I can remember how distressed I was for him as he assumed his duties. But soon he revealed his great administrative gifts, and all those interested in the University realized how wise was the choice. The University has made great progress, and in recent years there have been such expansions in its equipment and influence as to constitute a miracle in the educational world. Generous benefactors have made liberal gifts, such gifts as have rarely come to any institution, and the administration of President Umphrey Lee will write a new chapter in the history of American education. I am sure that the present Administration would support my view that those who went before laid a great foundation. I believe I am the only person living who has been connected with the University from its opening year in 1915, because I served as a teacher there for three years and have been for thirty-four years a member of its Board of Trustees. Many incidents can I recall when the University might have suffered disaster had it not been for the leadership of President Selecman. Those fifteen years he gave to the University made possible all that has followed, and he deserves all the praise that can be given to him.

In his Valedictory Address at the University when he left the presidency to become a bishop sums up, though too modestly, some of his work. He said: "It is with a mingled feeling of pleasure and regret that I extend greetings to you, the final graduating class at S. M. U. it will be my privilege

to address. This Convocation terminates my administration as President of Southern Methodist University which began with my election March 23, 1923, and my assuming active charge on April 2 of that year. The student body was 1,449 for the long session and 2,011 for the entire year. The faculty was composed of 31 full professors, 12 associate professors, 12 assistant professors, and 20 instructors, a total of 75. The permanent buildings were three—Dallas Hall, Atkins Hall and the Gymnasium. There were four schools—Arts and Sciences, Graduate, Theology and Music, all housed in Dallas Hall which also accommodated chapel, store, post office and laboratories. The Treasurer's report showed total assets of $2,900,573.48 and the indebtedness was $224,446.27.

"Under the resourceful leadership of Presidents Hyer and Boaz a solid academic foundation had been laid for the superstructure of this institution. No words of mind can be too lavish to express the debt we all owe to these two great men, who faced criticism, endured hardships and overcame stupendous obstacles in launching a new educational bark upon a stormy sea. Without special equipment or experience in the educational field I undertook, with many misgivings and much trepidation, the difficult administrative task assigned to me. A heated theological controversy had just resulted in the elimination of a prominent and popular professor. Another controversy over athletics had elicited a pointed pamphlet from the Chairman of the Board, as well as much newspaper comment. The faculty was divided into two camps.

"What progress has been made in these years or what part, if any, of this progress it has been my privilege to contribute it is not for me to record. Finally, dear friends, may I call attention again to the fact that Southern Methodist University was founded upon the theory of Christian Education—mental culture plus character training."

Thus he concluded his service to the University. When he left the presidency the future of the institution was

assured; he had brought harmony to the campus; he had won the confidence of faculty and student body, as well as that of the citizenry of Dallas, the State of Texas, and the whole church.

At the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, he was elected a bishop of the church in 1938. Six years he gave to Episcopal administration in Arkansas and Oklahoma, and four years in Texas before his retirement in 1948. Every interest of the church was advanced in the Conferences he served. He was elected Chairman of the Council of Bishops, the highest honor Methodism can bestow, the official leadership of the Church. No greater service has he rendered than as Chairman of the Commission on Evangelism. The United Church needed a new concept of evangelism and a new program. Some favored mass evangelism, some personal evangelism, and he, more than any other person, brought the two groups together and gave to a great church a great evangelistic urge, in which every Methodist preacher can become, as he must, an evangelistic preacher. What great results the church has known in evangelism under his leadership and greater days are ahead. After his retirement he chose to live in Dallas and is still working hard, undertaking as one of his chief missions the production of a film showing the life of John Wesley.

His ministry includes pastorates in the country, town and city; it brought him to the presidency of one of Methodism's leading universities, and to the episcopacy of his church. As his church moves into the future, with its zeal to save men and the world yonder ahead can be recognized as one of its real leaders Charles C. Selecman. He has shown deep concern for the larger Church of Our Lord Jesus Christ. At the Conference of World Methodism at Oxford in 1951 he gave a challenging address on Francis Asbury. He was a delegate to the Lausanne Conference on Faith and Order in 1927, and to the Second Conference on Faith

and Order at Edinburgh in 1937. So has he manifested his deep concern for the union of the churches and the healing of Christ's broken body!

Behind this story of achievement is a man whom it is a joy to know. With a delightful sense of humor and personal magnetism he wins friends and holds them. Gifted by nature with a fine speaking voice he has been one of the outstanding preachers of his day, combining thoughtful utterances with emotional fervor. He has shown rare gifts of administration, and by his leadership in his church as well as by his interest in a church which is larger than the Methodist Church he deserves recognition as a Christian statesman.

I have been with him in sorrow. I was in charge of the funeral service for his first wife. I saw him when a great doctor gave him discouraging diagnosis about an eye affliction. I was near him when he faced trying situations at the University and was subjected to most unjust criticism. So I know how great is his courage and how strong is his faith!

I have also been with him in times of joy and on many occasions have heard his laughter, as well as that he brought to others in the social circle. So I know how keen are his insights and how delightful his companionship. He comes into the lives of his friends and the preachers of his church with that abiding human concern that makes them thank God for every memory of him, and purpose in their hearts to live with the same devotion to higher things he has shown.